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GOLDBERG: The Problem with 'Unity'

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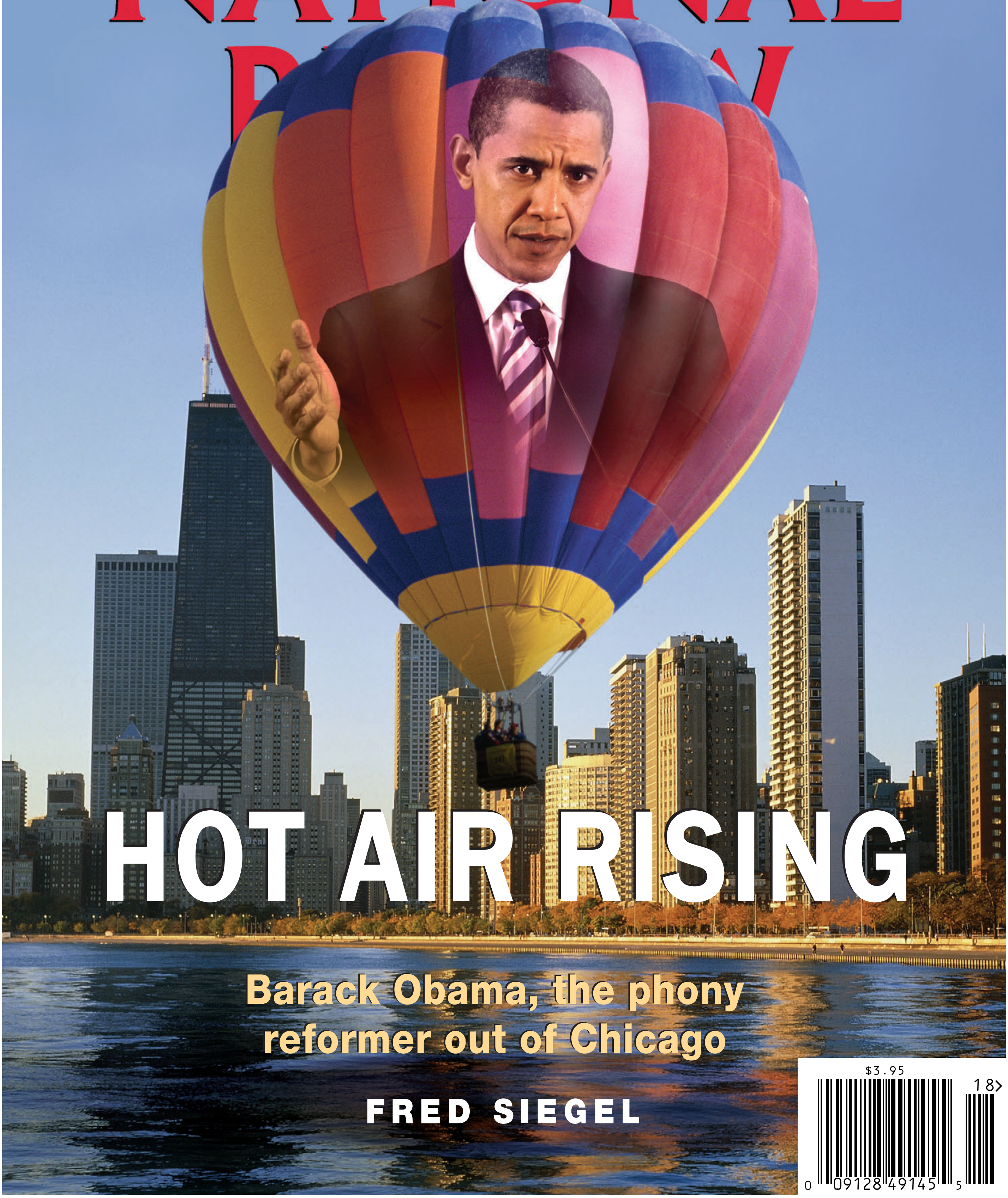

HOT AIR RISING

Barack Obama, the phony reformer out of Chicago

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■ COVER STORY

The Obama Way

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Barack Obama exaggerates, embellishes, engages in double-talk, overstates, systematically deceives, and presents lies as metaphorical truths. All of this is unappealing, but also unexceptional. What makes Obama different is that there's not just a gap but a chasm between his actions and his professed principles. *By Fred Siegel*

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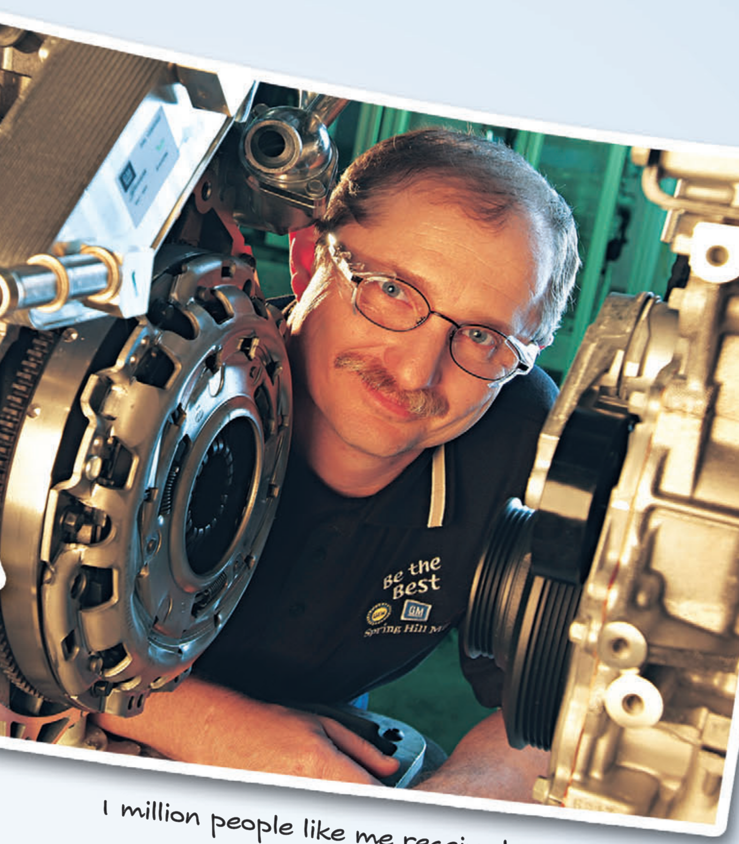

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letters to the editor

TELESCOPE OF A CONSERVATIVE

WFB wrote ("A Trip Down South," April 7) that Barry Goldwater was "a man of exploration and science. No tool of the trade . . . was unfamiliar to him. . . . The airplane was in his blood, and the radio, and instruments of magnification and miniaturization. . . . He always had at hand the most alluring paraphernalia, cameras especially."

I have the senator's telescope. It is a Questar, made in New Hope, Penn. The inventor, Lawrence Braymer, moved beyond the predictable German designs then dominating the market, devising an innovative mechanism that is versatile, compact, rugged, and of exceptional optical quality. Questars remain very highly regarded today.

Goldwater bought (or was given) the Questar in 1967. In 1993, his Scottsdale secretary mentioned that her husband, Conrad, was seeking a fine telescope but found the prices steep. Goldwater took the Questar from his camera closet and made a gift of it to a man he hardly knew. But first he sent it to the factory for refurbishing; the receipt shows that he spent over $660 to give his secretary's husband the telescope (a new Questar then was $3,500).

This episode says much about the senator. His telescope was indeed "most alluring." It was also American-designed and -made. And the manner in which he gave it to Conrad illustrates his generous, magnificent personality.

I treasure this telescope.

Robert Howe
Wilbraham, Mass.

THE SPIRIT IS NOT WEAK

Although Travis Kavulla's description of Africa's Pentecostal awakening, and of the church history that preceded it, is highly informative, I found its tone to be negative ("Troubled in Spirit," March 10).

Mr. Kavulla notes that "the faith has been Africanized," but that is nothing unusual, as every culture that receives Christianity leaves distinctive marks upon it. He also plays up the resilience of witchcraft beliefs, showing little deference to the fact that Africans have centuries of such beliefs to overcome—they need a correspondingly powerful and personal Christian God to do so.

I am an educated American who for the past ten years has attended a church in the Washington, D.C., area that was founded and is led by an African pastor. I have met numerous visiting African pastors, and I have observed some of the things Mr. Kavulla describes. But mostly what I've seen is a powerful, Holy Spirit–filled, Christ-centered, Scripture-directed faith that is transforming my life in a way I never thought possible.

Many Africans have a vibrant faith that we Westerners lack. The Western body of Christ needs to renew itself in this kind of faith.

Lynn C. Smith
Rockville, Md.

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Patients

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THE WEEK

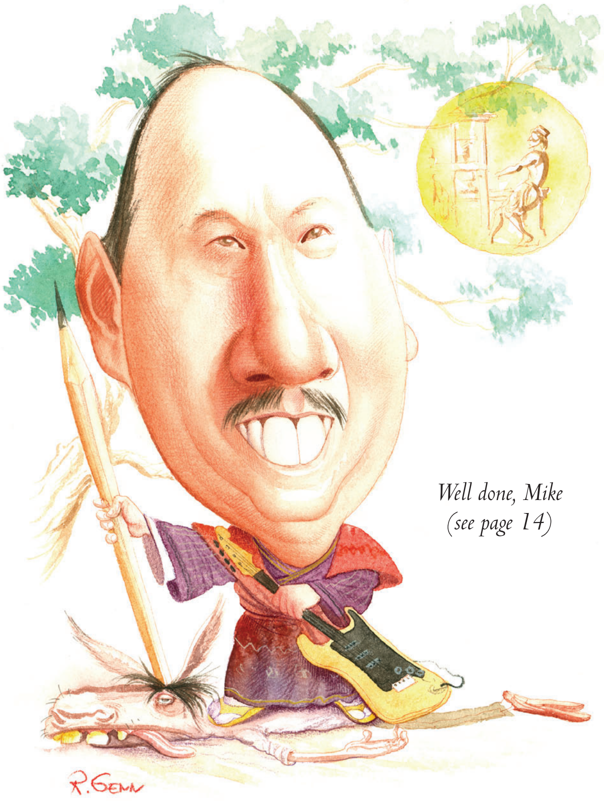
■ If he wants to see bitter, he should try taking away their guns.

■ Michael A. Monsoor, of Garden Grove, Calif., became a Navy SEAL in 2004. In 2006, he deployed to Iraq. He won his first medal, a Silver Star, in May, for running through enemy fire in Ramadi to pull a wounded SEAL to safety. “We knew if anything were to happen,” his sister said, “Mike would be the first to jump in and try to fix it or solve it.” Four months later, a guerrilla threw a grenade onto a Ramadi rooftop where Monsoor and three other SEALs were positioned. He was closest to the only exit, and knew his comrades would not reach it in time. So he threw himself on the grenade and died of his wounds half an hour later. President Bush has just awarded him the Medal of Honor. “Our dead brothers still live for us and bid us think of life,” said Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., Civil War veteran, in an 1884 Decoration Day speech. “We have learned that whether a man accepts from Fortune her spade, and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her axe and cord, and will scale the ice, the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart.”

■ Saved! Barack Obama’s “bitter” comment came to light just in time for the old lucky dog Bill Clinton. Bill’s “explanation” of Hillary’s Bosnia gaffe had threatened to overwhelm journalistic fact-checkers everywhere. He packed so many dishonesties into so few sentences that political consultants should study it for decades as an example of economy in lying. He said Hillary told her Bosnia story once (wrong), late at night (wrong), and immediately (wrong) apologized (wrong). Commentators speculated that Bill has not been able to adjust to the era of 24/7 media coverage and instant fact-checking. Actually, the most important change is that now when Bill tells lies, journalists and fellow Democrats—smitten with another liberal hero—call him on it with gusto. How disorienting.

■ And we wonder: If Hillary is so frayed at 11 P.M. that she can’t keep her memories straight, how is she going to manage all those 3 A.M. phone calls?

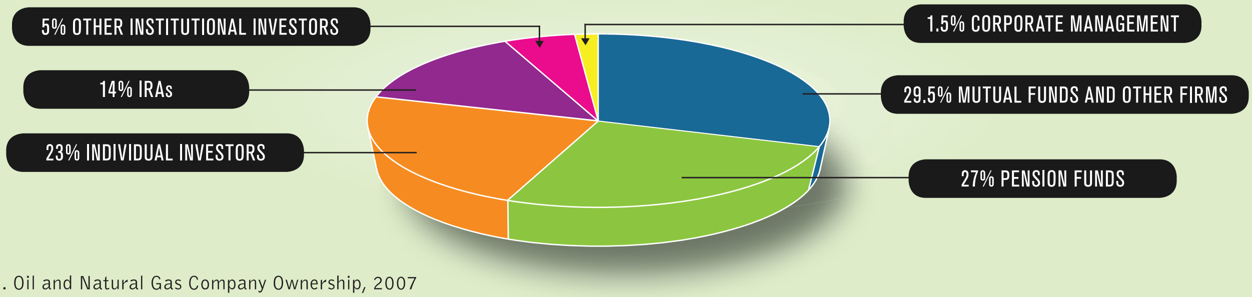
■ The classic account of the social origins of our presidents is *The Log Cabin Myth*, by Edward Pessen, who decided that only six presidents could claim to have been born in one, or its equivalent: Fillmore, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Garfield, Nixon, Reagan. Pessen wrote before the rise of Bill Clinton: Would he have ranked him as the boy from Hope, or the stepson of the Buick dealer in Hot Springs? There is no question where the Clintons rank now; their tax returns show that they have made $109 million since 2001. Their books (two each) brought in $40 million, while his speeches earned $52 million (if you get several hundred thousand dollars a pop, and are logorrheic, it is not hard to do). If public service is the ticket to private wealth, Godspeed—so long as you earn it honestly. On one hand, Clinton’s many legitimate successes should insulate him from temptation. On the other, what drunk went on the wagon because he had a water cooler in his house?



Well done, Mike
(see page 14)

ROMAN GENN

■ “That really ticked me off,” said New Mexico governor Bill Richardson. What had really ticked him off? The suggestion that he owed Hillary Clinton his support because Bill Clinton had made him U.N. ambassador and energy secretary. “I think the Clintons have a feeling of entitlement,” Richardson told the press. They thought that “the presidency was theirs.” After Richardson dropped out of the ’08 campaign, the Clintons lobbied him hard for his endorsement. Barack Obama tried a softer sell—and eventually won Richardson’s nod. The Clintons were furious, feeling betrayed. But, in his remarks to the press, Richardson said he had paid his debt to Bill: in part by standing by him during Lewinsky, and rounding up votes against impeachment. “I was loyal,” he said. “But I don’t think that loyalty is transferable to his wife. . . . You don’t transfer loyalty to a dynasty.” Besides which, Richardson said, he was a big deal before his cabinet glory: “Look, I was a successful congressman rescuing hostages . . .” It is hard to determine who is the less graceful: Governor Richardson or the couple he decided against.



U.S. Oil and Natural Gas Company Ownership, 2007

Do you own an oil company?

If you've ever wondered who owns America's oil and natural gas companies, chances are the answer is, "you do."

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The fact is that if you have a mutual fund account – and 55 million American households, with a median income of under $70,000, do – there's a good chance it invests in oil and natural gas company stocks. If you have an IRA or personal retirement account – and 45 million U.S. households do – there is a good chance it invests in energy stocks.

Tens of millions of Americans own a piece of the U.S. oil and natural gas industry

All this comes from a recent study* of U.S. oil and natural gas company ownership headed by Robert J. Shapiro, undersecretary of commerce for economic affairs under President Bill Clinton.

According to the study, the majority of the industry's shareholders are "middle-class U.S. households with mutual fund investments, pension accounts, other personal retirement accounts, and small personal portfolios."

What many may find particularly surprising is that our industry's corporate management owns only a tiny fraction of company shares.

Specifically, here is what the study found:

- 29.5 percent of U.S. oil and natural gas company shares are owned by mutual funds and other firms
- 27 percent are owned by pension funds
- Individual investors own 23 percent
- 14 percent are held in IRA accounts
- 5 percent are owned by other institutional investors
- 1.5 percent are held by corporate management (significantly less in the largest companies)

These findings tell us something very important: tens of millions of Americans have a stake in the U.S. oil and natural gas industry. When the industry's earnings are strong, the real winners are middle-class Americans, people investing in their retirement security or saving for their children's college education.

So when the political rhetoric gets hot about increasing energy taxes or taking "excess profits" from U.S. oil companies, it is important to step back, look at the facts, and ask yourself, "who does that really hurt?"

To read the full study, visit EnergyTomorrow.org.

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*SONECON: *The Distribution of Ownership of U.S. Oil and Natural Gas Companies*, September 2007

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THE WEEK...

■ McCain-Rice in 2008? The idea came up on ABC's *This Week*; then a Marist poll found the ticket beating both Clinton-Obama and Obama-Clinton in New York. Can we all take a breath? Condi Rice is smart and attractive; a black woman, unlike the black man and the white woman in the other party, unstirred by grievance politics. She would certainly bring a jolt of the new. Unfortunately, a lot of what's new about her is bad: She has never run for so much as a school board. What's old about her is also not good: As national security adviser and as secretary of state, she has lacked executive ability, and if McCain touts the surge as doing the Iraq War right, then Rice must be one of those who did it wrong. History will look more kindly on the Bush team than do the left-wing maniacs who are writing books, plays, and movies about it now. But the next election is less than seven months away. Keep looking, senator.

McCAIN: CHRIS HONDROS/GETTY RICE: J. H. OWEN/BLACK STAR

■ Bob Casey Sr., the governor of Pennsylvania, was not allowed to speak at the 1992 Democratic convention because he opposed abortion. So serious was his opposition that he could not endorse Bill Clinton. His son, now a senator, is supporting Obama. Says Casey Jr.: "He has the unique skills to try to lower the temperature and foster a sense of common ground, and try to figure out ways that people can agree." Translation: Obama will say nice things about pro-lifers before making them subsidize abortion. Lowering the temperature is less important than saving lives, but Obama's hard-Left platform would accomplish neither goal. The exclusion of the elder Casey from the podium was a sad chapter in the marginalization of pro-life Democrats. It is sadder still when they marginalize themselves.

■ Hugo Chávez smiled as the U.S.-Colombia Free Trade Agreement fell victim to election-year politics. After 16 months of fruitless negotiations with Democrats in Congress, President Bush sent the agreement to Capitol Hill, where existing rules called for lawmakers to vote on the legislation within 90 days. But Nancy Pelosi and her Democrats voted to change the rules, allowing them to kill the bill quietly. Never mind that the Colombia agreement contains the same worker and environmental standards as the Peru free-trade agreement, which the Democratic Congress passed last December. And never mind that the Colombia agreement's major purpose is to open Colombia's markets to American-made products (more than 90 percent of Colombian goods are already eligible to enter the U.S. duty-free). Trade has become a four-letter word among the working-class Democrats whose votes Hillary and Obama are bitterly fighting for, and both of them have come out against the deal. The only person to emerge from this fiasco a winner is Chávez, who has enjoyed a ringside seat as the hated U.S. has double-crossed its most important ally in the region.

■ Allan Carlson calls it "the demographic paradox of the welfare state": Entitlement programs depend for their financing on a growing population, but suppress fertility rates. In this country, for example, Social Security and Medicare are structured in a way that imposes an implicit tax on parents. They have to pay heavy payroll taxes into the system at the same time they are paying the costs of raising children (including income forgone). Ramesh Ponnuru has argued in these pages that tax reform should include an expanded tax credit for children to offset this "family tax." Economist Stephen Entin, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, disagrees. He wants to cut tax rates on work, saving, and investment. We agree. But raising children is, in part, an investment in the future: the biggest investment a lot of people make. When it comes to children, too many of our free-market friends have an economic, and political, blind spot.

■ The Supreme Court is taking up the question of whether states should be able to execute child rapists. Both moral and practical arguments are made against this extension of the death penalty. Some of the opponents are against capital punishment in all, or almost all, cases. Others worry that rapists will kill their victims to avoid death by avoiding conviction (no witness). Legislators are at least as competent as judges to weigh these considerations. The Court often judges death-penalty cases in light of "evolving standards of decency." The best way to gauge just how far those standards have evolved is to take a vote—and not just of nine lawyers.

■ *Time* magazine offers a bracing report on biofuels headlined "The Clean Energy Scam." The report, by Michael Grunwald, is unsparing in its assessment. Accounting for worldwide deforestation as biofuels push food crops onto newly cleared land, ethanol is harder on the environment than old-fashioned petroleum is. And the diversion of agricultural resources drives up food prices, exacerbating hunger. Writes Grunwald: "Corn ethanol, always environmentally suspect, turns out to be environmentally disastrous. . . . The grain it takes to fill an SUV tank with ethanol could feed a person for a year." Ethanol is a product that could not survive on its own in the market: Massive subsidies are lavished on agribusiness corporations in the effort to turn Kansas into a corn-powered Qatar on the prairie. And even the subsidies are insufficient; federal mandates create artificial demand for ethanol that nobody wants, and that has to be produced by robbing the taxpayer to pay Archer Daniels Midland.

■ What do Albania, Croatia, Georgia, Macedonia, and Ukraine have in common? Only that all five countries carry the unhealed scars of all-too-recent Communism. Independent now, they remain so suspicious of Russia and its undying urge to conquer the neighbors that they are eager, even desperate, to join NATO. This collective aspiration came to a head at the annual NATO meeting in Bucharest. Albania and Croatia already have a military presence in Afghanistan and Iraq, and this helped earn them their entry ticket. Greece has an irrational phobia about

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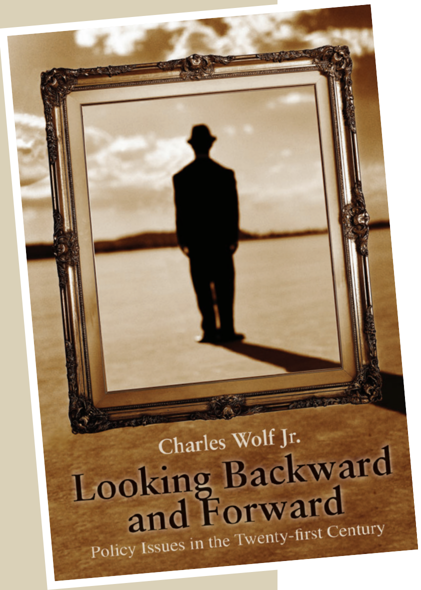
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Macedonia, and it was blackballed accordingly. But Georgia and Ukraine were at the eye of the storm. President Bush pled their case, but President Putin responded that former Soviet republics like these cannot possibly be allowed to go their own way. He or his ministers blustered that admission of either country to NATO would be a huge strategic mistake with serious consequences for pan-European security. Angela Merkel, the German chancellor, backed him, and when Russia and Germany agree it's likely to be bad news for everyone in between.

■ President Bush can claim one major achievement from the NATO conference in early April: Over objections from Russia, NATO endorsed U.S. plans to build a small missile-defense system in the Czech Republic and Poland. Iran poses a genuine ballistic-missile threat to Europe and North America, and NATO's leaders have at last recognized that missile defense is a viable countermeasure. This is progress, though congressional Democrats are still trying to slash the project's funding. Missile defense still needs defending.

■ In the Catholic understanding, conversion is not a discrete event. The faithful Catholic is called to a continuous reconversion, growing ever closer to the Lord, becoming ever more what he was made to be. On his recent trip to the U.S., Pope Benedict XVI did not call on America to change its nature so much as to recommit to it. On the south lawn of the White House, he stressed the importance of the fact that America's freedom was founded in truth and justice. Most Americans will probably find the observation commonplace, but it sharply challenges what the pope calls "the dictatorship of relativism." The pope's visit should command the close attention of Americans of all faiths and none who are dedicated to the national proposition.

Filth before Freedom

My colleague Mark Steyn, in the dock at a Canadian "human-rights commission" for crimes against humanity—or perhaps more accurately misdemeanors against humanity—has become something of a permanent warning voice against the Orwellian tide flooding that vast college campus at the end of history we call "Canada." Recently he called my attention to a lawsuit from a Canadian woman who was fired by a McDonald's because her skin condition prevented her from sticking to the fast-food chain's strict hand-washing policy.

Figuring into the British Columbia Human Rights Tribunal's thinking was the fact that, at the hearing, there was no evidence provided of the relationship between food contamination and hand-washing. The plaintiff was awarded $55,000 in damages in lieu of mandatory reinstatement as an employee. She was also informed that if only she'd provided expert testimony about her wage potential, she could have gotten a lot more.

Now the details of the case are more complicated than that, though not necessarily less stupid. But what fascinates me is the bit about how no one gave any evidence that there's a connection between hand-washing and food contamination. I'd assumed that the millions of bathroom signs in restaurants ranging from the gas 'n' go (where they serve the eternally rotating burnt wiener) to Le Bernardin were there for a reason. If global warming is "settled science," as Al Gore likes to tell us, then the connection between filthy hands and bowel-stewing germs is a subject of granitic certainty, on par with the laws of gravity.

All the same, the Canadian tribunal pointed its finger of damnation at Mickey D's. If only Arlen Specter had been around to invoke Scottish law the way he did during the Clinton impeachment and shout "Not proven!" while taking a bite of a tuna sandwich prepared by a sewage engineer who couldn't get around to finding a sink and a bar of Irish Spring.

Anyway, this brought to mind Tom Wolfe's brilliant essay "The Great Relearning," about the communal hippies in Haight-Ashbury who believed that pretty much all of Western medicine, indeed all the rules and customs of Western civilization, were "not proven" and therefore should be disregarded.

"Among the codes and restraints that people in the communes swept aside—quite purposely—were those that said you shouldn't use other people's toothbrushes or sleep on other people's mattresses without changing the sheets or, as was more likely, without using any sheets at all, or that you and five other people shouldn't drink from the same bottle of Shasta or take tokes from the same cigarette," wrote Wolfe. "And now, in 1968, they were relearning . . . the laws of hygiene . . . by getting the mange, the grunge, the itch, the twitch, the thrush, the scroff, the rot."

For a while now, Canada has seemed to be ahead of the unlearning curve on all sorts of fronts. Most notably, they've shoved down the memory hole much of the accumulated wisdom about the proper role of free speech and free thought, in exchange for a lot of newly minted Potemkin profundities that require them to kowtow to fighting brigades of the Coalition of the Oppressed—namely, jihadi sympathizers who want Steyn's head on a spike.

If you want to see where America might end up if the same trends continue down here, take a daytrip to the Great North. But remember: Pack your own lunch.

—JONAH GOLDBERG

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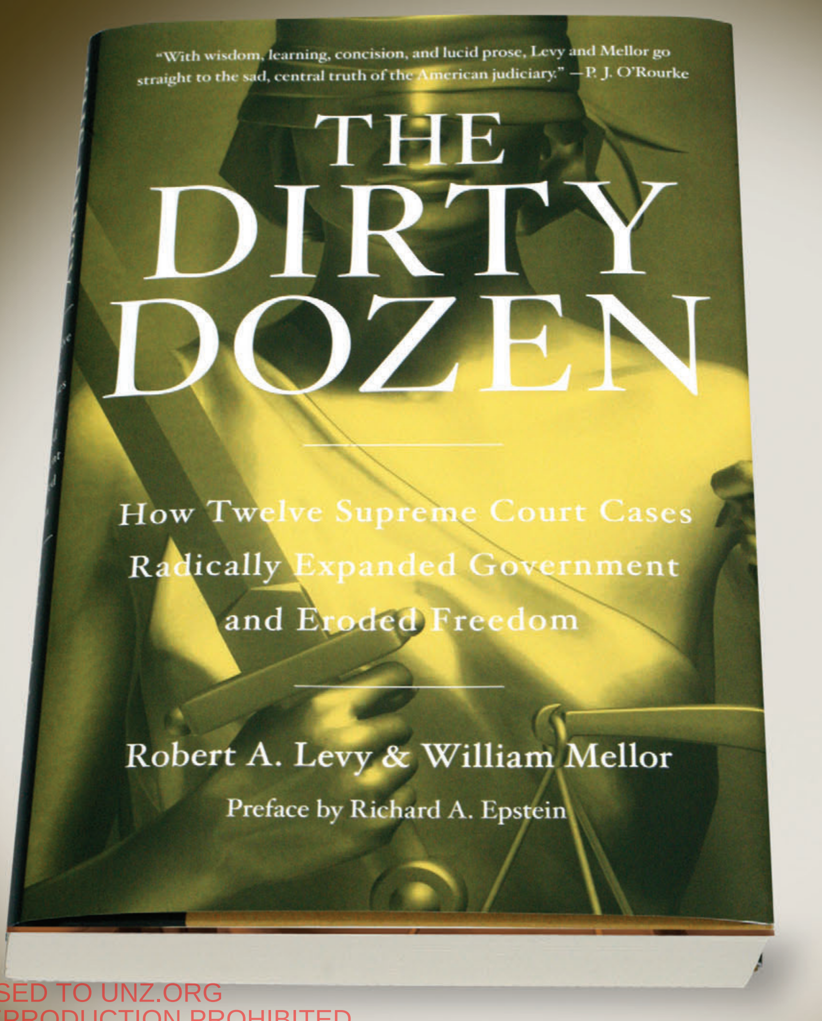
"With wisdom, learning, concision, and lucid prose, Levy and Mellor go straight to the sad, central truth of the American judiciary." —P. J. O'Rourke
THE DIRTY DOZEN
How Twelve Supreme Court Cases Radically Expanded Government and Eroded Freedom
Robert A. Levy & William Mellor
Preface by Richard A. Epstein

THE WEEK...

■ Jimmy Carter went to the Middle East hoping to meet with Hamas leader Khaled Meshaal in Damascus. Hamas preaches the destruction of Israel, and has killed over 250 Israelis in suicide bombings. No Israeli leader would meet with Carter, except for President Shimon Peres, who told him that meeting with Hamas would be "a very big mistake." Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice said it was "hard to understand what is going to be gained by having discussions with Hamas about peace when Hamas is, in fact, the impediment to peace." Shelley famously called George III "an old, mad, blind, despised and dying king." Carter's eyesight and health are fine, but he is catching up in the other three categories. As he ages, he broods on his one achievement, brokering peace between Israel and Egypt in 1979. He calls bringing peace to the entire region "the most important single foreign-policy goal in my life." This leads him to obsessive efforts to talk to anyone, anywhere, however bloodthirsty—and however contemptible he makes himself in the process.

■ Nepal's Maoists have made worrisome advances in that country's elections. Theirs is both a political and a military campaign, proof of Clausewitz's epigram that politics is war by other means. Some 13,000 Nepalese have perished during the armed insurgency, including some 400 child-soldiers dragooned into the war by thugs loyal to Maoist boss Baburam Bhattarai, who is expected to become Nepal's next prime minister. The credible threat of armed retribution helped the Maoists prosper in the elections—rural populations were assured that if the Maoists were defeated at the polls they would return to warfare and the mass murder of "class enemies." If history indicates, the Maoists will deepen Nepal's poverty and replace the corrupt king with an even more corrupt commissar. Even Mao's own heirs in Beijing claim no paternity over the Communist movement in Nepal, considering them a destabilizing force. A vote with a Kalashnikov pointed at one's head is not democracy, and a government predicated on murder cannot be considered legitimate.

■ A small (32-cabin) French luxury ship was boarded by Somali pirates April 4 while sailing from the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean. French president Nicolas Sarkozy dispatched helicopters and French naval vessels to the area. The crew (no passengers were on board) was released after a week of negotiations and payment of a $2 million ransom. Then, as the triumphant pirates headed off with their loot, the French pounced, sending in commandos by helicopter, capturing six of the pirates and recovering at least part of the ransom. It was a neat operation, a credit to Sarkozy, and a welcome strike back at the chronic piracy of the Horn of Africa region, where more than two dozen ships were seized last year in spite of patrols by the navies of the U.S. and other nations. The festering problem of Somalia, a nation that has had no functioning government for 17 years, remains to be dealt with, if anyone dares try.

■ We reported in our last issue that, "as we write, the results of Zimbabwe's March 29 election are still uncertain." Perhaps we should set up this sentence permanently in type. Robert Mugabe is still in power, his election opponent is still claiming victory, the election commission is insisting on recounts in several districts, and the nation's high court has rejected an opposition petition for the results to be published. The opposition has called for a nationwide strike to protest the situation, but since four out of five Zimbabweans have no job, it's hard to see the point. We may have better news to bring you in our next issue, but don't count on it: This is Zimbabwe we're talking about.

■ The Ontario Human Rights Commission (OHRC) has dismissed a complaint of Islamophobia against *Maclean's*, a weekly magazine. Good news? Not really. The dismissal was based on the wording of Ontario's human-rights code, which unmistakably protects printed material. The corresponding codes of other Canadian provinces, and the Canadian federal code, contain no such protections, and the Islamists have open complaints lodged with them, too—so that *Maclean's* is by no means off the hook. The OHRC's own dismissal was grudging, sternly denouncing *Maclean's* for doing serious harm to Canadian society, and huffing: "We think it [i.e., the offending 2006 *Maclean's* article, by our own Mark Steyn] fosters stereotypes and has a negative impact on [Muslim] communities." The gleeful complainants are now agitating for printed material to be brought within the law's scope, as in other provinces. A battle for freedom of speech in Canada has been won, but the war continues, hotter than ever.

■ In recent years Muslims in Britain have demanded, and received, exemptions from the nation's laws to accommodate their religion and customs. Now a Scottish Muslim has taken things a step further by using one such indulgence to justify another. Mohammed Anwar, a restaurateur, was caught driving 64 miles per hour in a 30-mph zone, but he escaped the normal license suspension by convincing the judge that he needs his car to drive back and forth between his two wives, with whom he spends alternate nights. Ordinary Scots, limited to a single spouse and expected to tool along at a stately pace, can only wonder what sorts of violation Mr. Anwar would be permitted if he maxed out on Islam's limit of four wives: Knock over a few pedestrians along the way? Maybe even exceed recommended emissions of greenhouse gases?

■ Few institutions are dearer to the heart of an Englishman than his local pub. A few pints of ale with neighbors or colleagues; exchanges of gossip and talk of sports; a friendly game of darts, skittles, or snooker; teasing pleasantries exchanged with a buxom barmaid; then the familiar call of "Time, gentlemen, please!" signaling a last round of drinks before closing time. What could be more English? And why, in modern multicultural England, should Muslim citizens be denied these traditional joys? Perhaps because Islam forbids alcoholic drinks to its adherents. Entrepreneurs Azizur Rahman and Muzahid Khan have overcome this obstacle. Their Halal Inn in the town of Oldham, northern England, serves only soft

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The Stauer Times

"It's About Time"

News Flash....

Government Gets Something Right

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drinks and juices. It does, however, boast snooker tables, darts, and karam boards (no, we don't know either), and has Islamic songs playing in the background. Our guess would be that buxom barmaids don't figure in the *mise en scène* unless well burqa-ed.

■ A new production of Verdi's *Masked Ball* has been launched in Erfurt, Germany. The action takes place on the ruins of the World Trade Center. Old people in Mickey Mouse masks are naked. Other people are dressed as soldiers, or Uncle Sam, or Elvis. The Nazi salute is given. The director, Johann Kresnik, explained that "the naked stand for people without means, the victims of capitalism, the underclass, who don't have anything anymore." What does any of this have to do with *A Masked Ball*? Nothing. What does it have to do with the sickness that is killing off Europe, and, along with it, our cultural heritage? A lot.

BERLUSCONI: TIZIANI FABI/AFP

■ Perhaps Italians like their politics *al dente*. A citizen going to the polls in Italy's most recent election, finding no appetizing choices on the ballot, ate the ballot itself. One supposes he was hungry for change. Most of his fellow countrymen ordered the Berlusconi, having enjoyed that rich dish the last time. The ballot-biter could go to jail for six years for destroying government property. No word on whether he chose the marinara or the pesto.

■ Congratulations to Texas for shutting down the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Eldorado without loss of life. Double congratulations for cleaning out a nest of polygamy. The Mormon-schismatic sect, which counts thousands of members on the Utah–Arizona border, shows all the pathologies of polygamy also found in Islam: forced marriage, fraud, child abuse, rape. One would think that a culture that sniffs out patriarchy in old novels and childhood games would come down hard on the real thing at its worst. But the modern assault on marriage, waged in the name of homosexuals, encourages polygamists, whose social profile is so different. Polyamorists, who live like Bloomsbury and seek benefit of clergy, wait in the wings. Marriage between one man and one woman, ideally one time, is the familial correlative of the doctrine that all men are created equal. A republic is right to uphold it.

■ Last year Texas enacted a $5-per-customer tax on bars and clubs that feature nude dancing. A judge has struck down the tax, finding that it violates the First Amendment by restricting free expression. How so? As Kevin Case explained in a 2006 paper on stripper law (which actually won an award from the Library of Congress), "nude dancing has the potential to convey a powerful and particularized message of sexual desire and availability, as well as a message of appreciation of the nude female form." While conservatives generally applaud anything that reduces taxes, there are right and wrong ways to go about it, and elevating the ogling of silicone-enhanced dropouts to the level of a sacred liberty makes a mockery of the Constitution.

■ Oliver Stone is creating a film about the presidency of George W. Bush, and there is every indication that the movie will alloy the worst elements of the Stone style, combining the historical tendentiousness of *JFK* with the prurience of *Natural Born Killers*. Mr. Stone is a genius in his genre, which is propaganda films. But he suffers from the congenital disease of liberal scolds everywhere: an acute inflammation of indignant self-righteousness. If Stone follows the *Bush* script that was leaked to ABC, the film will begin with a young frat-boy Bush mixing trashcan punch while one of his Yale confreres delivers a stilted monologue about why their families rule the world. Mr. Stone's subtle and unerring sense of historical truth triumphs again.

■ Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW have appreciated the cartoons of Michael Ramirez for years. He is one of the most delightful and insightful in the business. And now the Pulitzer committee has recognized that, too: giving him the big award. It is the most prestigious of many he has won in his career. Mike is editorial cartoonist for *Investor's Business Daily*. And the last cartoon we saw before press time was this: Pope Benedict XVI greeting a throng, with Barack Obama saying behind his hand, "The crowd is only here because they're bitter and the gun shops are closed." When a deserving man is honored for his work, rejoice. And when a right-leaning man is honored by a Pulitzer committee . . . well, rejoice and wonder all the more.

■ Richard Dreyfuss said it best. "John Wayne allowed us into our American past. [Charlton] Heston, because of his perfectly male face, the depth of his voice, the measured, almost antique rhythm of his speech, the oddly innocent commitment that allowed him to dive without looking into the role, took me farther, before the common era, as they say." This was the Heston who portrayed Moses and Ben-Hur, and later but still long-gone figures such as Michelangelo and Cardinal Richelieu. But Heston also shone in the futurist dystopias *Soylent Green* and *Planet of the Apes*, and in Orson Welles's noir thriller, *Touch of Evil*. He supported many political causes, all of them passionately and graciously—the civil-rights movement, NATIONAL REVIEW, the NRA. Even with Alzheimer's, he saved his dignity from the anti-gun sucker punch of Michael Moore. Charlton Heston was a giant of our dreams, and an earnest, honest man of this world. Dead at 84. R.I.P.

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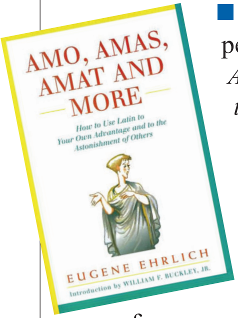
THE WEEK...


AMO, AMAS, AMAT AND MORE
How to Use Latin to Your Own Advantage and to the Astonishment of Others
EUGENE EHRLICH
Introduction by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

- In 1985 Eugene Ehrlich published a compendium of Latin phrases called *Amo, Amas, Amat and More*. The original title was *All the Latin You Need to Know to Understand William F. Buckley and Others of That Ilk*, but then Ehrlich had an even better idea and got Buckley to write the introduction. In it, our founder admitted that many phrases in the book have perfectly good English equivalents, such as *ab asino lanam* (wool from an ass), which is seen much less often than "blood from a stone." And yet, he continued, "For all one knows, there is someone about who day in and day out denounces efforts to reason with the Soviets as *ab asino lanam*." Ehrlich, who taught at Columbia for many years and wrote and edited numerous books, including the *Oxford American Dictionary* and the *Oxford Illustrated Literary Guide to the United States*, died on April 5 at age 85; and on this occasion we will break with customary practice by spelling out our valedictory wish: *Requiescat in pace*.

AT WAR

Heroic Patience

GEN. DAVID PETRAEUS and Amb. Ryan Crocker's testimony on Capitol Hill was anti-climactic compared with the Iraq hearings of last September. No one called Petraeus a traitor, and Democrats were more willing to accept the fact of security gains on the ground than to dismiss it as requiring a "willing suspension of disbelief" (Hillary Clinton's words last fall).

The press coverage emphasized how solemn Petraeus and Crocker were. Both have reacted to the overpromising and consequent loss of credibility on the part of the administration and top generals in years past by keeping their public statements cautious and sober. Along with the grim demeanors and the frequent disclaimers that progress is "fragile and reversible," the two brought extraordinary tidings of success: al-Qaeda in Iraq on the run, security improvements across wide swathes of the country, and the beginnings of political movement (the Iraqi parliament has scheduled provincial elections for October 1 and passed several other major pieces of legislation).

War critics said the two had not been able to describe what would constitute success in Iraq. It has in truth been outlined so many times, by them and by others, that only the willfully obtuse could miss it: a stable, democratic Iraq that is able to defend itself, at peace with its neighbors, and allied with the U.S. in the War on Terror. What Petraeus would not do is say when we will be able to draw down further after the surge ends this summer. He correctly insisted that any determination of troop levels will depend on conditions at the time. President Bush accepted his recommendation for a period of "consolidation and evaluation" in July that would keep troop levels at roughly 140,000.

Democrats returned again and again to the Iraqi government's operation against Moqtada al-Sadr's forces in Basra. It just happened to be the fresh bad news (or seeming bad news) at hand. The dust from operations there and in Sadr City has yet to settle. We know that the offensive was launched precipitously and that roughly a thousand Iraq security personnel deserted or underperformed. But it was Sadr who backed down and tried to declare a "ceasefire"; the Iraqi army now controls the city's key port; and Iraqi troops continue to conduct sweeps throughout Basra (and in the process have freed a CBS reporter taken hostage). All of this is important and encouraging. Iraqi prime minister Nouri al-Maliki has declared himself against the Iranian-backed "special groups" of Sadr's Mahdi army, which are among the primary sources of mayhem in Iraq now that al-Qaeda is diminished.

Sen. Edward Kennedy questioned whether we have any dog in the Basra fight, an astonishing posture given General Petraeus's stark warnings about Iran's malign role. Petraeus noted "the destructive role Iran has played in funding, training, arming, and directing the so-called special groups," which he called "the greatest long-term threat to the viability of a democratic Iraq." Crocker said the Iranians are pursuing a strategy of "Lebanonization," i.e. destabilizing the country while arming favored Shiite factions. Is it really of no account to Democrats whether a sworn enemy of the United States takes over part of Iraq?

Petraeus and Crocker always counsel patience when talking of Iraq. They displayed it themselves during hours of interrogation on Capitol Hill.

A frequent Democratic complaint was that the Iraqis are not spending enough of their money. This complaint is partly justified. Every American in Iraq is frustrated that the Iraqi government is not spending more of its windfall oil revenues. The problem is that spending money is not as easy as the U.S. Congress makes it look. It depends on efficient bureaucracies of the sort that do not yet exist in Iraq. We should continue to prod and assist the Iraqis on this front, but they are not going to build the needed capacity overnight.

In the meantime, the U.S. cannot be seen as lusting over Iraq's resources. At times the Democrats have seemed to alternate between arguing that our heavy-handed occupation is alienating Iraqis and demanding that Iraqis pay for our heavy-handed occupation. Even our funding of the "Sons of Iraq"—the largely Sunni security volunteers—came under fire. In disapproving tones, Sen. Claire McCaskill noted that we pay them "twice the average salary you would make in Iraq." As Petraeus explained, the Sons of Iraq have paid for themselves already, in savings from fewer vehicles destroyed by IEDs (not to mention saved American lives, and the incalculable strategic benefit of the Sons' defection from the insurgency).

Petraeus and Crocker always counsel patience when talking of Iraq. They displayed it themselves during hours of interrogation on Capitol Hill. They are impressive public servants with no agenda other than trying to help the United States win a war. Would that their antagonists learned from their example.

2008

What's the Matter With Obama?

BARACK OBAMA campaigns as the man who can heal divisions—between blacks and whites, Democrats and Republicans, people you respect and people you don't . . .

That last pair wasn't on Obama's usual list of dichotomies, but it is now, thanks to his remarks at a fundraiser 16 days before the Pennsylvania primary: "You go into these small towns in Pennsylvania [where] the jobs have been gone now for 25 years and nothing's replaced them. . . . And it's not surprising then [that] they get bitter, they cling to guns or religion or antipathy to people who aren't like them or anti-immigrant sentiment or anti-trade sentiment as a way to explain their frustrations."

How bad was this? Let us count the ways. Obama gave these remarks at a San Francisco–area fundraiser (as in "San Francisco Democrats," Jeane Kirkpatrick's old slam at the party's lefties—in this case, wealthy lefties). He spoke, like a naturalist on a Lindblad tour, of "these small towns," suggesting something alien, probably unpleasant. He imputed anger to the small-town dwellers: justified, since they are jobless, but also ignorant. Why? Because they misdirect their anger toward "people who aren't like them," immigrants, and trade (but hasn't Obama been assuring Democratic voters, except when his economic adviser Austan Goolsbee talks off-message, that free-trade pacts are indeed ill-advised?). Or else these misguided small-towners turn their anger into a political defense of gun ownership and their religious beliefs—probably the intended meaning of what Obama said, this being the thesis of Thomas Frank's *What's the Matter with Kansas?* and similar critiques of conservative values politics popular among liberals.

Yet Obama's words also have a literal sense, underlined by the verb "cling," that is much less flattering: Only economic unhappiness would cause people to put much stock in activities so barbarous as hunting, or churchgoing (unless the church was pastored by the Rev. Jeremiah Wright).

Hillary Clinton, sinking under the weight of her own mistakes, snatched at Obama's whopper as if it were a life-preserver. "Pennsylvanians don't need a president who looks down on them. They need a president who stands up for them." Obama sniveled and flailed (his heralded cool is that of a professor used to wowing teenagers, and vanishes among peers or strangers). "I didn't say it as well as I should have." No kidding. "It sounds like there's some politics being played." No fair! No fair! "Hillary Clinton is out there like she's on the duck blind every Sunday." Says the candidate who bowls a 37 for the cameras.

Obama's little riff was more damaging than his preacher's racist rants, for these were his own words. Hillary Clinton's lead in Pennsylvania, which had been shrinking, may begin to widen again. If Obama wins the nomination, as still seems likely, his words will haunt him all the way to November. John McCain's four-generation military family, itself unusual, is still closer to the realities of ordinary life than Obama's résumé of higher education and machine politics, spiced by family dysfunction. Democrats cling to him at their peril.

THE ECONOMY

Bear Politics

WE remain stubbornly unconvinced that the United States is in an economic crisis. For all the talk of foreclosures, the homeownership rate is higher than it was in 2000. The Dow, meanwhile, has dropped all the way to—where it was in April 2007.

Washington could yet make our economic problems into a crisis. The Federal Reserve has probably loosened monetary policy too much, generating inflation both at home and abroad and weakening the dollar. If it does not tighten, it should at least make it clear that it will not loosen any further.

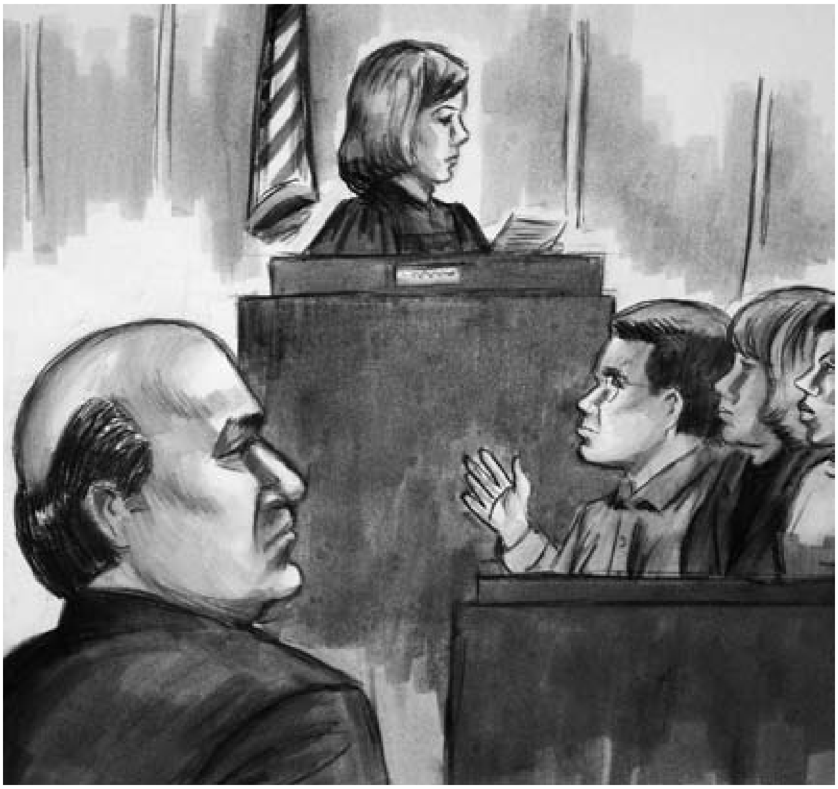
The Senate has passed a mostly worthless bill to stimulate the housing market. It includes a $7,000 tax credit for purchasers of foreclosed property. One would think that falling property values provided sufficient incentive for buyers. People who have been faithfully making their payments and are now trying to sell their homes should cry foul. Not only do they have the bad luck of selling in a buyer's market; they may also have to cut their price an additional $7,000 to match the deal on the foreclosed house down the block.

The bill is a bipartisan fiasco, but the Democrats have made two uniquely bad contributions to the economic debate. They have blocked a trade deal the chief effect of which would be to cut Colombian tariffs on our exports. And they have suggested that trouble in our housing market is somehow the result of the Iraq War. (Get ready for it: "Bush lied us into recession.")

Higher-toned Democrats are blaming the financial deregulation of the late 1990s for the present mess—a way of fingering Phil Gramm, who sponsored that deregulation as a senator and now advises John McCain. Even some conservative journalists have bought this idea. It makes no sense. Gramm's legislation allowed banks to acquire securities firms and insurance companies; the securities firms that have faced crises recently had no affiliations with banks.

What McCain is saying is, by contrast, mostly sensible. More than his Democratic rivals, he has stressed the importance of not penalizing responsible borrowers and lenders to help the irresponsible. We are skeptical that even his limited plan to help "deserving" homeowners will be able to weed out the speculators and avoid slowing down the housing market's self-correction—but at least McCain is looking for limits. His plan to suspend the gas tax and stop adding to the strategic petroleum reserve should prove popular, and will do no damage. His announced hostility to corporate welfare should also prove popular, and may help lower federal spending.

His tax policy is pro-growth and pro-family. He would cut the corporate tax rate, repeal the alternative minimum tax, and double the dependent exemption. We might quibble over the details, but he is headed in the right direction—which is more than we can say of most people in Washington, including his Republican colleagues in Congress.



COURTROOM SKETCH OF TONY REZKO, MARCH 3, 2008 AP/VERNA SADOCK

■ 2008 ■

By His Friends Ye Shall Know Him

The trial of Tony Rezko spells trouble for Barack

STEPHEN SPRUIELL

Chicago

BARACK OBAMA has two categories of problematic friends. On one hand, there are the radicals—such people as his pastor, Jeremiah Wright, and his friend Bill Ayers, a former leader in the homegrown ’60s terror group the Weather Underground. On the other hand, there are the players—such Illinois political operators as indicted fundraiser and businessman Antoin “Tony” Rezko, a man who raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for Obama’s campaigns and helped him buy a $1.65 million house here.

The radicals have received more coverage in the national media so far, simply because the public nature of what they do makes them easier to cover. All a broadcast network needs to do is play clips from Wright’s “God damn America” sermon, bring on a couple of political analysts to talk about it, and *voilà*: insta-story. For newspapers, it’s as simple as reprinting excerpts from Ayers’s memoir, in which he wrote, “Everything was absolutely ideal on the day I bombed the Pentagon.”

But Rezko’s corruption trial, which has been unfolding in a federal courtroom here over the past several weeks, has the potential to change the balance. For one thing, the trial has already yielded new information on the corrupt activities of several other Illinois players to whom Obama has ties, including his former boss, Allison Davis. For another, Rezko stands a good chance of being convicted when the jury decides this case, which should happen sometime this summer. If he is, it will create a new opening for Obama’s opponents and a new opportunity for the press to probe his relationships within the bipartisan political machine that Illinoisans refer to simply as “The Combine.”

Rezko’s trial has lifted the veil on Illinois’s infernally corrupt political establishment, and a government witness named Stuart Levine has taken on the role of a meth-snorting, double-dealing Virgil, guiding the public through it. Levine, a drug addict and crooked GOP operative, is testifying for the government in order to avoid spending the rest of his life in prison. Over the course of seven days of direct examination by the prosecution, he described a statewide network of fraud, extortion, and bribery that included key figures in the administration of Illinois governor Rod Blagojevich, a Democrat.

One of those figures was Tony Rezko, a top fundraiser for and adviser to Blagojevich. Most of the public first heard of Rezko when Hillary Clinton mentioned him during a Democratic debate sponsored by CNN back in January. After Obama criticized Clinton for her ties to Wal-Mart, Clinton shot back with, “I was fighting against [conservative] ideas when you were practicing law and representing your contributor, Rezko, in his slum-landlord business in inner-city Chicago.”

Obama responded that, as a young associate at the law firm of Davis Miner Barnhill & Galland, he had done about five hours of work on a real-estate deal involving a “church group” and “this individual” (meaning Rezko), implying that he barely knew the man. In fact, Rezko was one of Obama’s first political contacts in Chicago, and the two men had a close relationship until it became clear in early 2006 that Rezko would be indicted on corruption charges.

In 1990, when Obama was making headlines at Harvard for becoming the first black president of the law review, Rezko offered him a job at Rezmar, his burgeoning low-income-housing firm. Obama declined the offer and took a job at Davis Miner instead. In 1995, Obama spent 32 hours, not five, working on a deal

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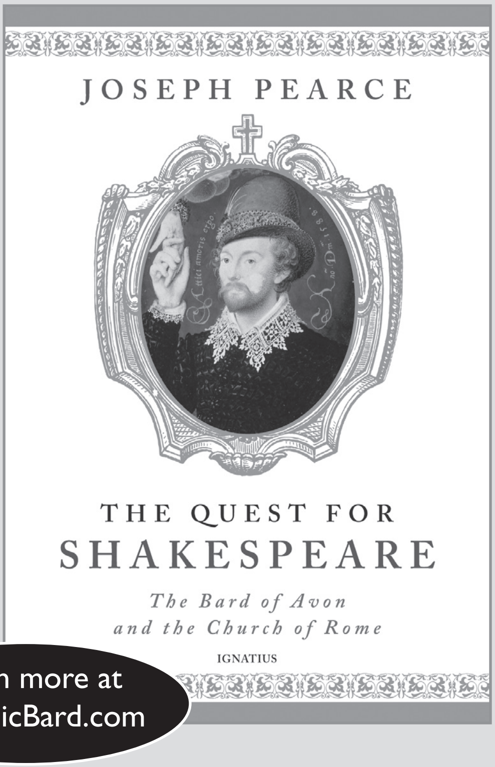
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JOSEPH PEARCE is the author of numerous acclaimed biographies of major Christian literary figures. He is a Writer in Residence and Professor of Literature at Ave Maria University in Florida, Editor-in-Chief of Ave Maria University Communications and Sapientia Press, as well as Co-Editor of the *The Saint Austin Review* (or *StAR*), an international review of Christian culture, literature, and ideas published in England (Family Publications) and the United States (Sapientia Press).

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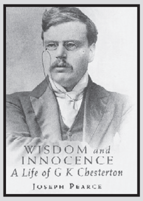
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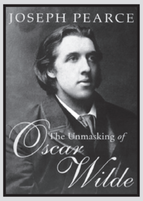
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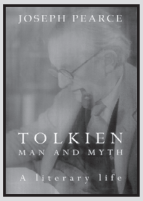
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that enabled a non-profit run by his boss, Allison Davis, to join with Rezmar in acquiring an old nursing home and converting it into subsidized housing for poor people, according to the *Chicago Sun-Times*. That property—like many others Rezmar obtained using city, state, and federal loans—ended up in foreclosure at the taxpayers' expense.

It's just as hard to believe that Obama didn't see Rezko's pattern of corrupt behavior as it was to believe that he sat in Jeremiah Wright's pews for over 20 years and didn't see him damning America.

In 1995, Obama also launched his first bid for the Illinois state senate, and Rezko was among his first contributors. Approximately $10,000 to $15,000 of the $100,000 that Obama hauled in during that campaign came from Rezko, according to an estimate Obama provided to the *Chicago Tribune*. Rezko continued to raise money for Obama during his subsequent state-senate races, his unsuccessful run for Congress in 2000, and his successful U.S. Senate run in 2004—about $250,000 in all.

Finally, when the Obamas were looking for a new house in the summer of 2005, Rezko helped them buy their dream home by purchasing an adjoining lot they could not afford, then selling them a strip of the land on which they wanted to build a fence. The real-estate deal attracted scrutiny after Rezko's indictment, and Obama has called it a "bone-headed move." But he told the *Tribune* that he did not see anything wrong with the deal at the time, because "I've known him for a long time. I assumed I would have seen a pattern [of corrupt behavior] over the past 15 years." Never mind that, by the summer of 2005, the Chicago papers had run over 100 stories about the clouds gathering over Rezko's head.

A month into the Rezko trial, it's just as hard to believe that Obama didn't see Rezko's pattern of corrupt behavior as it was to believe that he sat in Jeremiah Wright's pews for over 20 years and didn't see him damning America. In both cases, the more likely alternative is that he looked the other way. Rezko's whole business was the buying and selling of influence: It's how he became one of Chicago's biggest recipients of government loans to build low-income housing despite having no experience in real estate, and it's how—prosecutors allege—he built a corrupt network of political operatives to enrich himself and buy more influence.

Stuart Levine was one of these lower-level operatives. At Rezko's trial, he testified that he and Rezko conspired to use Levine's position on two state boards to benefit themselves and buy influence with Governor Blagojevich. In one such instance, Levine told the jury, he directed the Illinois Teachers Retirement System, of which he was a trustee, to invest $50 million with a firm called Glencoe Capital. In exchange, Levine arranged for himself and Rezko to split a fraudulent $500,000 "finder's fee." Rezko allegedly told Levine to route his half to an associate named Joseph Aramanda.

According to the indictment against Rezko, Aramanda "used the money . . . in substantial part for the benefit of Rezko." To that end, the indictment alleges, Aramanda received half of the money in March 2004 and wrote a $10,000 check to Barack Obama's Senate campaign that same month.

Of course, Obama has donated any and all Rezko-related contributions, including those he received from Aramanda, to charity, and he says neither he nor anyone on his campaign had any reason to suspect that Aramanda had obtained the money by fraudulent means.

Levine also offered testimony, backed up by wiretap evidence, which put Obama's former law-firm boss, Allison Davis, in the middle of an attempted quid pro quo. Davis's friend Thomas Rosenberg, a financier and the producer of the film *Million Dollar Baby*, was in line for a $220 million allocation from the Teachers Retirement System, but Levine was holding it up so that he and Rezko could attempt to extort money from Rosenberg.

Davis allegedly approached Rezko on Rosenberg's behalf and asked if a campaign contribution to Blagojevich would speed things along. Rezko told Davis to "call Stuart Levine." Rezko and Levine planned to give Rosenberg a choice: either pay a $2 million "finder's fee" or raise $1.5 million for Blagojevich.

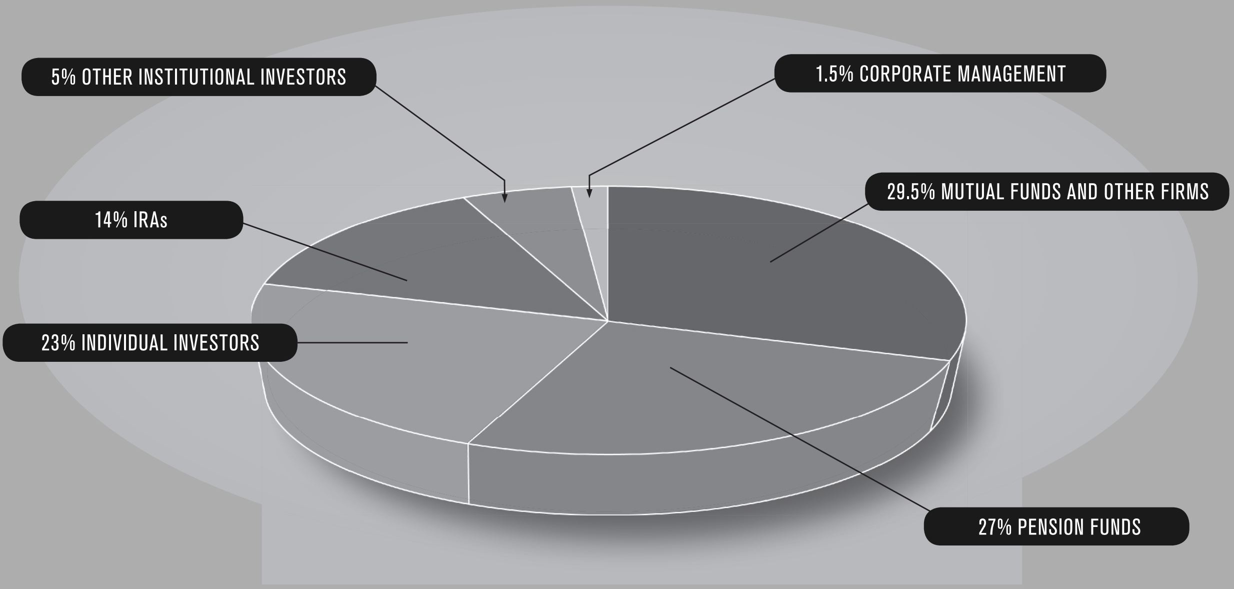
When Rosenberg realized he was the target of such a massive shakedown, he was furious. In a recorded phone call that prosecutors played for the jury, one of Levine's co-schemers quoted Rosenberg's reaction: "'If [Tony Rezko and Blagojevich fundraiser Chris Kelly are] going to do this to me and think they're going to blackmail me, I'm going to take them down.'"

Rosenberg's threat convinced the alleged conspirators to back off, and—in the biggest bombshell to emerge during the trial so far—Levine testified that Rezko told him that Blagojevich had been informed of the situation and had agreed with Rezko's proposed course of action: to back off from the extortion plot but also to deny Rosenberg any more state contracts. Levine is not the most credible witness, but prosecutors played numerous recorded phone calls in which he discussed these schemes with co-conspirators in situations where it would have made little sense for him to lie.

If the allegations about Blagojevich are true, then such nakedly corrupt behavior at such a high level is bound to attract greater scrutiny from the national media on the problem of corruption in Illinois. Three out of the last seven elected Illinois governors have gone to jail for corruption, and based on evidence presented at the Rezko trial, Blagojevich could well become the fourth.

For Obama, this scrutiny would present a problem, not because he was involved in the serious wrongdoing for which Rezko is on trial, but because the evidence presented at his trial has made clear that Rezko's method of operating should have raised red flags for anyone doing business with him. Yet Obama did not distance himself from Rezko until the latter's indictment made him politically radioactive. We saw him do the same thing when the media discovered Jeremiah Wright's sermons. Obama wants us to believe he didn't really know his friends at all. **NR**

[Do you own an oil company?]



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If you own mutual funds or a retirement account, chances are you're among the tens of millions of Americans with a stake in the oil and natural gas industry. A recent study* by economist and former Clinton Administration official Robert Shapiro found the majority of oil and natural gas company shareholders are "middle-class U.S. households with mutual fund investments, pension accounts or other retirement accounts and small portfolios."

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PEOPLE

Wordsmith To a Hero

Of pens, swords, and Mark Salter

JOHN J. MILLER

IF Mark Salter hadn't lost his way beneath the Superdome in New Orleans two decades ago, he might never have met John McCain. It was like that scene in *This Is Spinal Tap* when the band wanders lost through the basement of an arena in Cleveland—except Salter was at the 1988 Republican National Convention frantically searching for the room where his boss, Jeane Kirkpatrick, was supposed to sit for an interview.

"It's a cavernous building," says Salter. So he phoned for help. Torie Clarke, the future Pentagon spokeswoman, showed up to guide him. At the time, she was working for McCain and helping out with the convention. On the night of George H. W. Bush's acceptance speech—he spoke of "a thousand points of light" and promised "no new taxes"—Salter found himself standing beside the Arizona delegation. Clarke introduced him to the senator. Soon after, Salter was drafting speeches for McCain. It was the start of a tight-knit relationship that continues to this day.

Every successful politician attracts a ring of loyal supporters and advisers. For McCain, Salter may matter more than all the others. "He's as close to indispensable as anyone I've ever seen at the staff level," says Randy Scheunemann, who has known Salter for years and is now the McCain campaign's foreign-policy director. If the McCain candidacy flowers into the McCain presidency, Salter is sure to be on deck, writing speeches and giving policy advice as one of the most important aides in the West Wing.

These days, the 53-year-old Salter spends a lot of his time in a bare-walled, windowless office at the campaign headquarters on the 13th floor of a nondescript office building in Virginia's Crystal City, just across the river from Washington. He wears a dark goatee, flecked with grey, and in his green sweater and brown corduroy jacket he could pass for an English professor. It doesn't hurt that he enjoys gabbing about his favorite novelist, William Trevor. At first, bookish pursuits didn't interest Salter. "I wasn't a very industrious high-school student," he says. After graduation, he took a union job repairing railroad tracks around his hometown of Davenport, Iowa. With his husky build, he looks like he could still wield a spike maul.

"After about four years of this, I knew there had to be a better way to make a living," Salter says. He enrolled at the University of Northern Iowa and later transferred to Georgetown, which appealed to him because he's Catholic. Today, he's an avid fan of Hoya basketball and often can be found at home games in his front-row, season-ticket-holder seats. "You can be talking about politics with him, but at tip-off his undivided focus is on the game, particularly on hammering the ref for bad calls," says Daniel McKivergan, the McCain campaign's policy coordinator.

On campus, Salter read Kirkpatrick's famous anti-Communist essay, "Dictatorship and Double Standards," which appeared in *Commentary* in 1979 and is often credited with persuading Ronald Reagan to make Kirkpatrick his first ambassador to the United Nations. Salter earned his degree in 1981, interned at the State Department for a few months, and then headed to New York City. One day, looking for work, he stopped by Kirkpatrick's office at the U.N. "I just walked in the door," he says. He was offered a low-level press-office job, clipping articles out of newspapers and transcribing briefings from cassette tapes. His responsibilities gradually increased until, finally, Kirkpatrick asked him to help her prepare for a speech on NATO. "My assignment was to compile what she called a 'research memorandum,' and that's really what it was because she did her own writing," he says. "Up to that point, I hadn't written anything other than term papers."

Kirkpatrick liked Salter's work. She eventually left the U.N. for the American Enterprise Institute. A bit later, Salter followed her to the think tank as a researcher and press assistant. He helped her compose her speech at the 1988 GOP convention (but not her better-known 1984 "Blame America First" address). Torie Clarke liked it and so did McCain. They began to pull Salter into their orbit.

The collaborators: John McCain and Mark Salter

ROLL CALL

For a while, Salter drafted occasional speeches when McCain's staff needed extra help and he had spare time. In 1989, he took a call from McCain's scheduler. The senator wanted to see him. Salter marched up to Capitol Hill, and McCain asked him to become a foreign-policy aide. He accepted the job and within a few years was serving as chief of staff. He also married the scheduler.

"But for the accident of getting lost at the Superdome, my life would be totally different," says Salter. "It was kismet."

Another incident also shaped him. When Salter was a boy, his father took him and his brother on a business trip to Wisconsin. They stopped at an Indian reservation. At a grave, Salter's father cried. He didn't offer

The price at the pump

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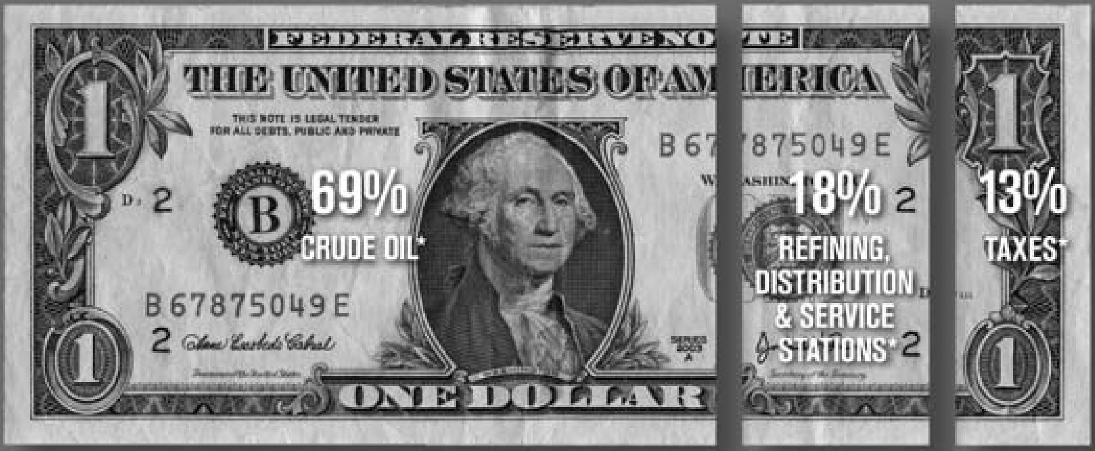

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much of an explanation to his kids. Later, Salter learned more: They had visited the final resting place of Mitchell Red Cloud, a Medal of Honor recipient who was killed during a brutal night of hand-to-hand combat against Chinese troops in Korea. Pete Salter had earned a Silver Star for his own deeds on the same night, but he always believed that he survived the melee because of Red Cloud's bravery.

Salter saw some of his father in McCain when they began to collaborate on *Faith of My Fathers*. The book tells the story of McCain's forebears—his father and grandfather were both admirals—as well as McCain's own military service. "He loved talking about his family and about his time at the Naval Academy," says Salter. "But when we came to Vietnam, he got terse. He wasn't comfortable discussing it."

Salter recorded long interviews on evenings and weekends, contacted other veterans, and rummaged through archives at Annapolis. In the end, he coaxed the senator into detailing his horrific experience in Ho Chi Minh's prison camps. *Faith of My Fathers* was published in 1999, just as McCain was launching his first bid for the White House. It became a runaway bestseller in part because McCain's personal story is so compelling, but also because Salter knew how to convey it on the printed page. "The underlying story is so good that I would have to have been a moron to screw it up," says Salter.

At McCain's insistence, Salter's name appeared on the cover. They've now written five books together, always as "John McCain with Mark Salter." The second one, *Worth the Fighting For*, is a follow-up memoir that chronicles McCain's political career. It's co-dedicated to their wives. "He called our editor and asked him to include Diane," says Salter. "I didn't know about that until I saw the manuscript in galleys." Next came *Why Courage Matters* (a short book that recounts acts of heroism, including those of Red Cloud and Pete Salter), *Character Is Destiny* (similar to Bill Bennett's *Book of Virtues*), and last year's *Hard Calls* (on "the anatomy of great decisions in history").

McCain wanted to share not only the credit of authorship and the dedications with Salter, but also the royalties: He offered to split them 50–50. "He didn't have to do that," says Salter. "He's been very good to me and my family."

The arrangement certainly paid off for Salter, who was able to buy a small summer home on the coast of Maine. It arguably paid off for McCain as well. Last July, as fundraising slowed to a trickle and it looked like the campaign might go belly up, Salter and several other senior aides offered to remove themselves from the payroll. "I was in a position to do it because of the book sales," says Salter. He didn't return to the payroll until March. For eight months, he was essentially a volunteer. Salter says he never panicked: "There weren't two reporters in town who thought we stood a chance, but I never doubted that we'd win in New Hampshire."

He's certainly passionate about McCain. While Salter was sitting for our interview on April 8, Gen. David Petraeus was testifying before the Senate. A muted television sat on Salter's desk. When it was McCain's turn to speak, Salter said, "I want to hear this." He raised the volume and listened to McCain ask about Basra. Then Salter pointed his finger at the screen: "He asked that question because he wants to gather information and for no other reason. He's the *only* presidential candidate who won't use this forum to advance a particular position on Iraq." A sense of honor animates Salter, much as it does McCain. "Sometimes I don't know where one of them ends and the other one begins," says Jonathan Karp, their longtime book editor.

There are no plans for a McCain-Salter volume this year, not even one of those quickie books that presidential contenders often churn out during election season. There's little time for writing anyway. McCain is on the road almost constantly. When Salter isn't with him, he's pecking away at his computer. For McCain's recent "biography tour," Salter had about a week to prepare six new speeches on the important places and moments in the candidate's life. "Jeane Kirkpatrick taught me how to write carefully," says Salter. "Working in the Senate for 20 years taught me how to write fast. You generally don't get to compose second drafts of floor statements."

He has a stack of writing to do between now and November: a convention speech, a series of major policy addresses, and many lesser texts. None will enrich Salter the way the books have, but together they may represent the most important sale of his life. **NR**

■ PUBLIC POLICY

Straw Predators

For the mortgage meltdown, the Left deserves a share of blame

ROBERT VERBRUGGEN

THE basic story of the housing crisis goes something like this. For years, prices climbed rapidly. This made mortgages less risky—so far as lenders could tell, every homeowner sat on a pile of $100 bills that bred like rabbits. The industry dramatically lowered its standards, often not even requiring income or employment verification. Lenders approved "adjustable-rate mortgages" that began with super-low "teaser" interest rates, only to "reset" to much higher ones later. No big deal: As long as those $100 bills kept at it, borrowers could always refinance or sell their homes at a profit. Easy credit fueled an even greater demand for housing, which drove prices still higher. Lenders packaged their loans together and sold them to investors as securities, spreading the risk through the financial system.

This cycle could not sustain itself, and it's all crashing down. Naturally it's time to start pointing fingers.

The common narrative blames "predatory lending." In other words, credit institutions tried their damnedest to squeeze money out of low-income borrowers, not only by approving loans that would likely lead to foreclosure, but also by charging exorbitant fees. There is plenty of truth to this. Many borrowers shouldn't have received the loans they did, and a recent *New York Times* article revealed that Countrywide, one of the biggest players in the industry, has aggressively pushed subprime mortgages—not only to customers who couldn't afford them, but also to clients who qualified for better loans. Countrywide, now in dire financial straits, is also under investigation for its fee policies.

What's less remembered is that, for a

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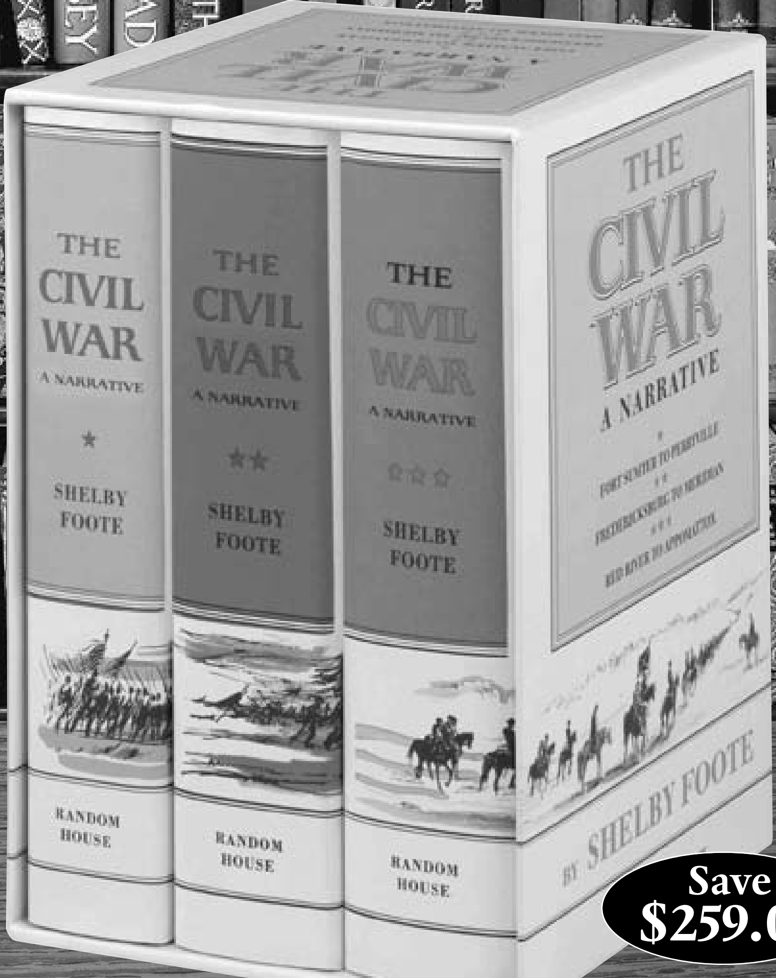
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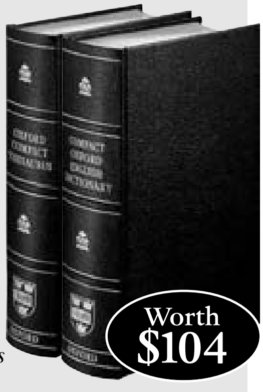

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long time, much of this behavior was seen as praiseworthy. For decades the Left advocated more credit for homeownership among the poor, and especially among poor minorities. They succeeded through both policy and exhortation, contributing to and cheering on the problem.

Their biggest policy success was the Community Reinvestment Act, passed in 1977 and updated several times. The legislation mandated that federally insured banks and thrifts offer loans to the entire community they serve—they could no longer "redline," or avoid poor areas. Under CRA the government does not mandate a specific level of lending, or specific interest rates. However, it does periodically evaluate institutions on the criteria of lending, investment, and service in what it deems "low- and moderate-income" areas. A bank's rating can affect government decisions, for example on merger applications.

The explicit goal is to increase the credit available to lower-income residents, and it has worked. In February of this year, Sandra F. Braunstein, director of the Federal Reserve's Division of Consumer and Community Affairs, testified before the House Committee on Financial Services:

> Mortgage loans to borrowers in lower-income neighborhoods . . . increased from 13.4 percent of [covered institutions'] assessment-area mortgage loans in 1994 to 16.2 percent in 2006. . . . [Federal Reserve] research found that the gains in homeownership rates from 1990 to 2000 were higher for neighborhoods deemed to be lower-income under the CRA rules than [for] similar neighborhoods that were not.

She also claimed the research "suggests that CRA-covered institutions have been able to extend such loans profitably, and that the performance of such loans is about the same as that of other mortgage loans." The research used data from 1999.

"CRA mortgages" gained popularity through the 1990s, but one problem was that investors rarely bought them—analysts were unable to predict factors such as prepayment, delinquency, and default, and so could not tell how profitable the mortgages would be. Thus they could not set a price.

But by the turn of the century the number-crunchers got it figured out, and banks no longer had to hold their CRA loans. The Winter 2000 issue of the New York Federal Reserve's *BankLinks* newsletter offered a crash course in "securitizing" these mortgages—that is, packaging them as a group so that even when some go bad, the investment as a whole is profitable. It noted that some CRA loans were "conforming," meaning they met Fannie Mae, Freddie Mac, or Ginnie Mae risk guidelines, and some were not.

The newsletter described two techniques for securitizing. One of them started with buying non-conforming CRA loans from a lender. These loans were risky, but by dividing the security into "tranches," it was still possible to get a high rating from an independent agency.

To understand tranches, imagine a line of empty glasses at a bar, each one a little bigger than the last. The bartender fills each one all the way, starting at the smallest, but when he runs out of wine, whatever glasses are still empty remain that way. In this case each glass represents a tranche, and the wine stands for borrowers' payments. Low-risk investors can choose to get paid first, but they also get a smaller glass—a lower interest rate. These tranches tend to receive high ratings from independent agencies. High-risk investors might not get paid at all, but if the mortgages perform well, they get big glasses to fill—a high interest rate.

As a model for that technique, *BankLinks* pointed to Bear Stearns. The other process, exemplified by Advest, involved only conforming CRA mortgages.

Best of all, investors could often claim credit on their CRA evaluations, even if the lenders had claimed the very same loans before selling them. Countrywide does not fall under CRA supervision, but to this day its website brags of "an enormous pipeline of mortgages to low- and moderate-income buyers" that, bought as securities, can "potentially help you meet your Community Reinvestment Act (CRA) goals."

Securitizing made CRA loans, and sub-prime mortgages in general, more liquid, and thus much more attractive. A study by two University of Chicago academics found that, from 2001 to 2005, an increasing number of mortgages originated in poor neighborhoods—where, relative to other neighborhoods, housing prices rose and income and employment growth fell. The researchers tied this trend directly to the fact that lenders were selling an increasing proportion of the loans.

It would be unfair to blame CRA entirely, though. A recent *American Prospect* article presents two important statistics: CRA-evaluated institutions issued only about half of sub-prime loans, and independent mortgage companies (which are non-CRA) made risky loans at more than twice the rate of CRA banks and thrifts. As the *Prospect* sees it, lenders issued sub-prime mortgages simply because such loans were expected to be profitable. Indeed, pre-crash, for Countrywide, the profit-to-loan ratio was higher on sub-prime than on prime loans. *BankLinks* noted that 95 percent of Bear Stearns's buyers were not banks but "insurance companies, investment funds, etc., which invest based on their portfolio needs."

But in addition to legislative activism, the Left has spent much time encouraging private companies to make risky loans. The concern is admirable enough, since when it comes to lending, the most unfortunate have the hardest time—poor borrowers are more likely to default, so lenders have to charge higher interest rates. Often the poor can't find credit at all.

Unless they can tie it to a pile of multiplying $100 bills. The Left loved the idea, heaping praise on sub-prime lenders while the housing bubble expanded. For example, in 2001 a *New York Times* article called sub-prime mortgaging "one of the lesser known economic successes of the past decade," though it decried the more "predatory" cases.

Much of the discussion focused on race: In America, blacks and Hispanics tend to pay higher interest rates and face higher likelihood of denial. This in itself is unremarkable, as members of these groups tend to be less credit-worthy. But it's plausible that *some* of the gap is due to discrimination, and numerous studies have claimed that was the case after controlling for such factors as income and credit history.

The Boston Federal Reserve made such a claim in 1992, and was widely cited. Based on its findings, it issued guidelines encouraging more flexible lending standards for minorities. However, a subse-

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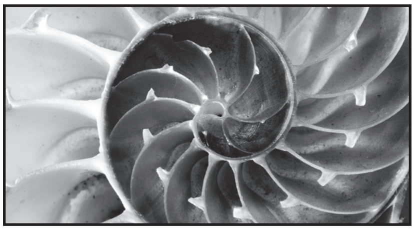

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Edward B. Burger, Professor of Mathematics in the Department of Mathematics and Statistics at Williams College, earned his Ph.D. from The University of Texas at Austin. Professor Burger's teaching and scholarly works have been nationally recognized; most recently, Williams College awarded Professor Burger the 2007 Nelson Bushnell Prize for Scholarship and Teaching.

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quent paper by two University of Texas economists revealed many obvious errors in the data. Once the researchers culled out the clearly errant numbers, evidence of discrimination disappeared.

A 2006 Center for Responsible Lending study also found disparities between ethnic groups. Despite titling their work "Unfair Lending," though, the authors write it is "beyond the scope of this paper to determine definitively why these disparities exist." This is because the study made no attempt to determine whether minorities tend to go to higher-interest lenders, or whether the same lenders offer whites and minorities different interest rates. The authors note the possibility of higher-interest lenders' "targeting" (some might say "making a special effort to serve") minorities.

A related problem is that "the degree of shopping done by consumers is relevant to the price they pay," says Stan Liebowitz, one of the aforementioned University of Texas economists. The study "assumes that everyone shops the same, and that any difference is due to discrimination," but it's possible there are racial differences in shopping habits.

Whether the discrimination was real or not, the diversity industry loved attempts to eliminate it. In a 2000 case study of Countrywide, the Fannie Mae Foundation listed, as an "accomplishment," that "about one-sixth of Countrywide's mortgages are made to black, Hispanic, or Native American borrowers. . . . The company is the largest lender to the Hispanic market." The same year, the L.A.-based, Spanish-language publication *La Opinión* named Countrywide "corporation of the year" for its work with Hispanics. In 2005 Countrywide won the "best in minority lending" award from the Lending Industry Diversity Conference.

Everything changed when the flipside of easy credit became apparent. The *New York Times* made the shocking discovery that when minorities disproportionately take out the riskiest mortgages, they disproportionately experience foreclosures, too.

The Left didn't cause the housing crisis. But in trying to help the poor and close racial gaps, it worked to push mortgaging in the direction of easier credit. In the end, this often hurt the intended beneficiaries. **NR**

■ THE STATES

Texas Holds 'Em

How Lone Star Republicans stopped abusive medical-malpractice lawsuits

KEVIN D. WILLIAMSON

THAT high lonesome sound you hear ululating over the wide-open Texas prairies isn't coyotes—it's hungry trial lawyers, forced to subsist on 40 percent of a litigation pie that has gotten a little bit smaller of late.

When Texas Republicans finally took control of the Texas legislature in 2003, tort reform was among their cardinal concerns. But legislation was only part of the fight. Several bare-knuckled political battles, the constitutional amendment known as Proposition 12, and five Rick Perry appointments to the state supreme court have entrenched a battery of reforms, including a cap on non-economic damages in medical-malpractice cases and several measures designed to keep frivolous lawsuits out of court in the first place. The guys in the ambulances are raising a joyful noise; the guys chasing behind are raising hell.

Tort reform will be the cornerstone of Governor Perry's legacy, and other governors should mark what it accomplished: Legislators had to approve emergency funds for the Texas medical board, which was overwhelmed by applications from other states' refugee doctors. Politicians rarely boast about bureaucratic backlogs, but Perry is happy to note that thousands of physicians clog the pipeline for licensure. "I'll take that problem," he says.

Texas had seen new applications decline for years, but now they're up 60 percent. The board has licensed nearly 11,000 physicians in the four years since tort reform was enacted. Regions where specialists were difficult or impossible to find have attracted new talent. The number of insurance companies has increased from four to more than 30. That new competition has driven malpractice-insurance premiums down by up to 20 percent for some doctors.

All of this is gratifying to the legislation's author, former state representative Joe Nixon—himself a trial lawyer with the firm of Beirne, Maynard, and Parsons, as well as a senior fellow at the Texas Public Policy Foundation. "We had a neurosurgeon move to Corpus Christi. He was the only one they had—there wasn't one there before him," he says. "He'd been there a week when a man walked into his office with an abscess on his spine. He was put into surgery immediately. He had an hour—one hour—or he would have been certainly paralyzed, probably dead. Today, he's alive and walking. The physician who treated him came to Corpus because of Proposition 12." That doctor, Mathew Alexander, told the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*: "Practicing defensive medicine is expensive and doesn't provide good care. I know a lot of doctors are really bitter about it."

Timothy George, a pediatric neurosurgeon, was also drawn to Texas in part by the friendlier legal environment. He says that tort reform makes it easier for him to recruit other physicians to his practice. George argues that reining in the lawyers will help lower health-care costs—not only by reducing doctors' insurance premiums, but also by taking away the pressure to order unnecessary tests and procedures for no other reason than to head off potential liability. "Reducing cost puts less pressure on physicians to increase revenues to offset malpractice, allowing doctors to spend more time focusing on their care of patients. This reduces the leading cause of malpractice suits, which is negligence."

Texas had flirted with tort reform before—legislation was passed in the 1970s, but the Texas supreme court declared it unconstitutional. Proposition 12, which won voters' approval with a supermodel-slim margin, amended the state constitution to make explicit that the legislature, not the courts, would have the final say in medical-malpractice matters. In the House, Nixon combined a sundry selection of tort-reform initiatives, dealing with everything from medical malpractice to asbestos to the liabilities of charitable nonprofits, into an omnibus reform package.

With the law in effect, Texas still has no ceiling on economic damages—compensation for the plaintiff's quantifiable, dollars-and-cents losses. Punitive damages also are

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available, though they're sparingly awarded. But in medical-malpractice cases, non-economic damages—"pain and suffering" or "mental anguish" awards—are limited to $250,000 for a single doctor. Up to three doctors at a health-care facility (hospital, nursing home, or clinic) can be sued, for a total of $750,000 in non-economic damages.

And that has put a Texas-sized bee in the bonnet of the trial bar, the members of which are practically chewing their tassel-loafers in rage. West Texas plaintiffs' attorney Charles Dunn, who swears that he has "never"—*never*—seen a jury award that was too high, is bitterly critical of the reforms. But he offers a backhanded compliment: "Lawyers won't take these cases on a contingency fee when they're capped, and that's reduced the number of cases." Reducing the number of cases was, after all, the point.

Nixon celebrates the effect of the cap, but he argues that states interested in emulating Texas's success should look first to another part of the legislation. "I think one of the best things we did is to put up a hurdle at the beginning of the lawsuit," he says. "We've required that, within 120 days, an expert report be filed by a doctor, in the same or a similar field, who says that there was a breach in the standard of care and that that breach was the proximate cause of damages. If you don't have that report, your case is dismissed. . . . I think that report has made a bigger difference than the caps." Plaintiffs can pay doctors to write those reports, just as they pay expert witnesses.

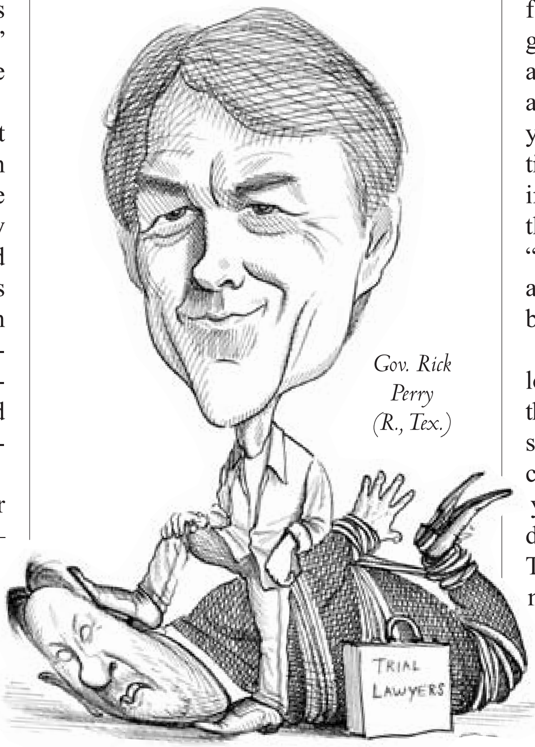
Other Texas attorneys have pointed out that this legislation is only one factor in a complex evolution: The state supreme court is dominated by conservative Perry appointees. These justices have subjected tort claims, and medical-malpractice claims in particular, to much closer scrutiny than had been the custom in the days of Democratic dominance. David Anderson, a professor of law at the University of Texas and a critic of the med-mal caps, calls this "judicial tort reform."

In a study comparing Texas with other states, Anderson took a single litigant—Wal-Mart, the most-sued tort defendant in the country—and compared its record in Texas to its history in other states. "Wal-Mart wins about half the time in the rest of the country. In Texas, during the period we studied, they won 100 percent." Though Anderson agrees "something had to be done" about the system's excesses and endorses some of the other Perry-era changes, he calls the caps on non-economic damages "a disaster."

"It's just about ended medical-malpractice [lawsuits] in Texas," Anderson says. "Nobody can afford to sue. You have somebody who's a paraplegic—he gets his medical expenses and his lost wages, but there's a hell of a lot he has not been compensated for." He mentions one intriguing alternative to a fixed cap: a British-style breakdown of injuries by type and severity. A plaintiff with a lost finger would have a lower cap than would one with a lost leg. A slight limp is one thing; permanent paralysis is another.

The lack of compensation for real but difficult-to-quantify damages is the most convincing of the anti-reformers' arguments, and even Nixon is sympathetic. "Mental anguish, disfigurement—these are real things," he says. "What we weighed on the other side of the scale was not *fairness*—$250,000 is an arbitrary number." Rather, after listening to voluminous testimony from the state's physicians, Nixon came to the conclusion that the torrent of medical-malpractice cases—and the resulting spike in insurance premiums—was reducing Texans' access to health care.

"A doctor's income is limited by what he can recover from insurance or Medicare. They can't pass along losses to other patients, and they can't increase prices because of Medicare or insurance. So a judgment against an obstetrician in Tyler effectively gets paid by all obstetricians in the state, because they share the risk," he says. "Gynecologists wouldn't do obstetrics. They said, 'We're not delivering babies anymore, because we can't afford the insurance.' Doctors were moving out of areas of the state. If a neurosurgeon were coming to practice in the [Rio Grande] Valley, it would cost him $250,000 to buy malpractice insurance before he bought a stethoscope—and the same guy would only have to pay $50,000 in San Francisco. So we had no neurosurgeons in the Valley. The best they could do was to stabilize you and put you on a plane to Houston or San Antonio. San Antonio didn't have enough neurosurgeons to have one on call 24 hours a day—and it's the ninth-largest city in the U.S. *That's* what we were weighing when we put in the caps."



Gov. Rick Perry (R., Tex.)

ROMAN GENN

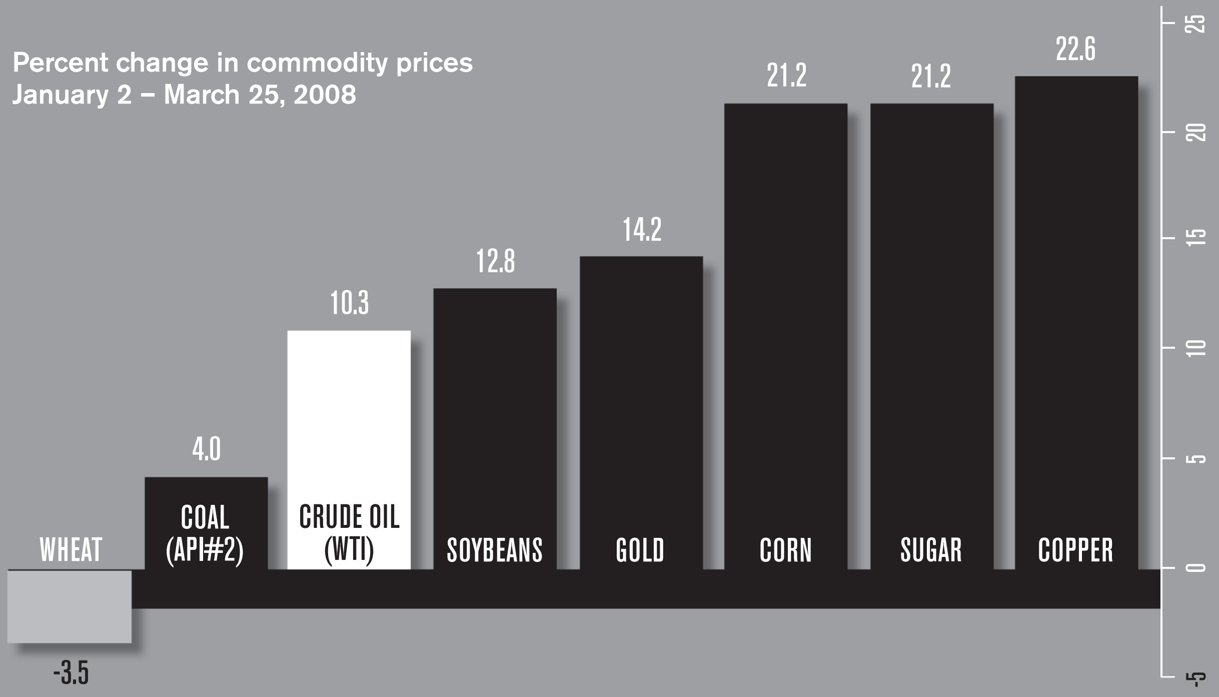
Emily Lucid, an emergency physician, moved from Pittsburgh to the suburbs of Austin. Tort reform was a less-immediate issue for her—emergency physicians are generally employees of hospitals and don't pay for lawsuit insurance out of pocket—but the fear of baseless lawsuits has been a fact of daily life even in situations like hers.

"There's no question that tort reform made doctors breathe a little easier," she says. "Just to know we're not going to be hit for these massive amounts of money is good. But it's not just money. Being sued is an issue in and of itself. It implies you're not a good doctor. These lawsuits can consume your life, and make it difficult to keep practicing." Lucid argues that the quality of care in Texas is more than ably defended by the state's board of medical examiners. "They're very . . . *thorough*," she says with a nervous laugh. "Doctors coming here better be prepared."

Before tort reform, Texas had the 48th-lowest ratio of doctors to residents out of the 50 states. When that figure is next measured, Nixon says, Texas expects to have climbed into the 30s. Not bad for four years' work. And where are all of those doctors coming from? New York, Florida, Tennessee, and other states that have done nothing to address lawsuit abuse. The Lone Star State is greeting those new doctors with a chorus from Lyle Lovett: "You're not from Texas, but Texas wants you anyway!" **NR**

[Global demand, weak dollar have driven up oil prices]

Percent change in commodity prices
January 2 – March 25, 2008



Source: Deutsche Bank Global Markets Research, *Commodities Quarterly*, March 28, 2008.

Filling your gas tank hasn't been very pleasant lately, and Americans are understandably asking why. According to the Federal Trade Commission, one factor is more important than any other: the price of crude oil in the world market. That's the price oil refiners pay for the raw material to produce the fuels that make America mobile.

Today, the market price of crude oil accounts for nearly 70 percent of every dollar you pay at the pump, according to the U.S. Energy Information Administration. And federal, state and local taxes are on top of that.

A combination of global factors is driving world crude prices to record highs. Though the U.S. economy has softened, others – such as China's and India's – continue to grow strongly, driving crude oil demand higher. Political tensions in oil-producing nations introduce potential supply risks that create upward pressure on crude oil prices.

Importantly, the recent decline in the value of the U.S. dollar and the flight of investors into commodities has put pressure on prices, making commodities, including oil, more expensive for U.S. consumers than for consumers in countries with stronger currencies.

In these challenging times, it's more important than ever to know the facts, even if that doesn't make the reality of volatile energy costs any easier. Learn more about crude oil and gasoline prices at EnergyTomorrow.org.

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■ TECHNOLOGY

Machina ex Machina

Greendom has drawn the wrong moral from the catalytic-converter story

FRED SCHWARZ

Greens hate technology, except when they love it. A case in point is the catalytic converter, whose introduction in the 1970s virtually ended America's smog problems. It's an inspiring story: The Environmental Protection Agency ordered massive cuts in emissions, and auto-industry executives said they could never be met—but they were, thanks to old-fashioned American ingenuity called into existence, at least in part, by government fiat. In recent debates over revised Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) standards and the Kyoto Accord on climate change, the catalytic converter has been cited again and again as an example of a sweeping technological fix inspired by tough regulations.

The fuel-cell engineer Jonathan Frost, for example, has said: "When the U.S. introduced clean air legislation in the 1970s, many engineers said that cleaning up emissions from cars was impossible, but the legislation was passed anyway and new technology was invented in the form of the catalytic converter." Tom and Ray, the *Car Talk* guys from NPR, write that even after early research showed promise, critics still had their doubts: "In 1972, Ford President Lee Iacocca [said] that if the 'EPA does not suspend the catalytic converter rule, it will cause Ford to shut down.' Hm. That wasn't exactly right on the money, was it?"

In fact, Iacocca was largely correct. When he spoke, the catalytic converter was an idea that seemed likely to be very expensive and inefficient if it worked at all. Bear in mind, too, that catalytic converters cause environmental damage of their own: They create nitrous oxide, a greenhouse gas. Nor are catalytic converters the only possible way to clean up emissions; Europe did not require them until 1993. So the catalytic converter is not an unalloyed good, and it did not come close to satisfying every emission standard by itself. Still, its overall impact has been greatly positive, and there's no question that some sort of government mandate was needed; nobody has an incentive to clean up emissions on his own.

It's no surprise, then, that time and again over the past three decades-plus, environmental regulations that amounted to wish lists have been justified by the story of the catalytic converter: Executives squawked, and so-called experts said it couldn't be done, but all it took was a little lab work and the problem was solved. What this fable overlooks is that the invention and development of the catalytic converter did not involve routine applications of well-understood principles, but instead amounted to something like a miracle.

Behold!

EASTERN CATALYTIC

At the end of 1970, the newly established EPA required auto manufacturers to reduce certain harmful emissions 90 percent by the 1975 model year. One possible solution, as worked out by Engelhard Industries and Corning Glass, was a catalytic converter that would complete the combustion of unburnt or partially burnt fuel and change poisonous carbon monoxide into harmless carbon dioxide. Its core would be a brick-like block of ceramic material honeycombed with tiny lengthwise channels, hundreds per square inch, through which exhaust gases would flow.

Prototypes showed that the concept was sound, but to make this a mass-production item, engineers would have to take an abrasive clay mixture with the consistency of newspaper pulp and extrude it through a shaped die at high speed to create a structure with thousands of paper-thin walls. Extrusion was a common industrial process for things like metal pipes and pasta, but nothing anywhere near this complex and delicate had ever been made with it. Adapting the process for catalytic converters was like making sushi with a chain saw.

The problems didn't end there. Once the spongy block of soft clay emerged from the die, it had to be cut to the proper length and heated simultaneously inside and out until it was firm—all without distorting those tiny channels or causing the clay to crack or crumble. And there were many other challenges, such as making a fraction of a gram of platinum coat all the channels with a layer of unimaginably fine particles—and keeping the particles from falling off after repeated heatings and coolings.

Even the clay itself required a near-miraculous advance. A car's exhaust heats a catalytic converter from room temperature to 750 degrees Fahrenheit in half a minute, and the temperature of the gases can climb as high as 2,000 degrees. In nearly every prototype, the resulting thermal expansion tore the converter apart after a few cycles.

There was a glimmer of hope: Samples of clay from one particular mine in Georgia occasionally showed much better heat resistance. This clay turned out to consist of microscopic needle-like units aligned in such a way as to make the thermal expansion harmless. Unfortunately, these results were hard to duplicate from one batch to the next, let alone on a mass-production scale. But by analyzing the clay's behavior on a molecular level and very carefully controlling its composition and processing, researchers were able to make the tiny needles line up consistently in millions of units per year.

For their efforts, the Corning engineers were later inducted into the National Inventors Hall of Fame alongside Thomas

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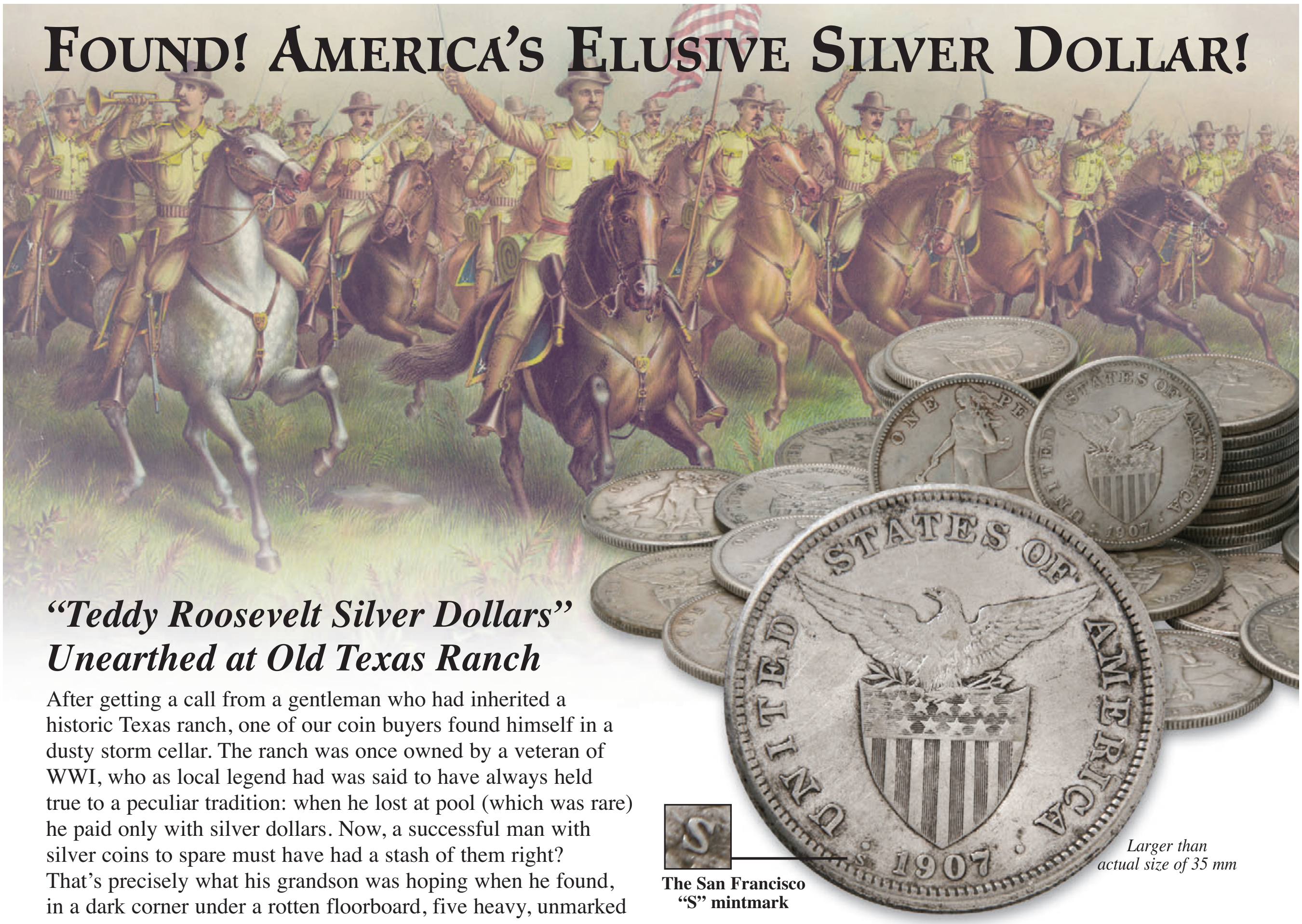

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Silver Legacy of Teddy Roosevelt

In the White House from 1901 to 1909, Roosevelt believed in America's destiny as a world power. His efforts led to building the Panama Canal, eliminating the dreadful yellow fever in the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico and helping end a war between Russia and Japan, for which he was the first American to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

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Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, and the Wright brothers. Looking back on the project years afterwards, one of them reflected to the journalist Tim Palucka: "Having a major breakthrough is very rare in any company. In the catalytic converter we had two major breakthroughs: A new process and new materials that didn't exist before."

In return for these heroic engineering feats, the auto industry got an unshakable reputation as a pack of alarmists and wolf criers. The result was several decades of arbitrary environmental directives that were often based on nothing more than wishful thinking. Even after the catalytic converter was adopted, for example, the Clean Air Act's sweeping edicts of 90 percent cuts in carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and nitrogen oxides proved to be unattainable. That's why the deadlines had to be extended half a dozen times, and sometimes reduced to more realistic levels as well. A similar story occurred after California decreed in 1990 that 10 percent of cars sold in the state in 2003 would have to be zero-emission vehicles. After a long series of reductions and extensions, the current goal is 0.5 percent by 2014.

As William Ruckelshaus, the first administrator of the EPA, admitted in 1985, "We thought we had technologies that could control pollutants, keeping them below threshold levels at a reasonable cost, and that the only things missing in the equation were national standards and a strong enforcement effort. All of the nation's early environmental laws reflected these assumptions, and every one of these assumptions is wrong."

Today, regulators and the car industry finally seem to be listening to each other. From the standpoint of technology, the latest CAFE standards are quite feasible, and while opponents have criticized them severely on economic grounds, at least no engineering miracles will be required. Unfortunately, the fable of the catalytic converter is still widely invoked in greendom, most prominently with regard to the Kyoto Accord. In essence, this treaty requires industrialized countries to reduce their greenhouse-gas emissions by an average of 5 percent below 1990 levels. When confronted with the huge costs these cuts will impose, supporters show a strong tendency to trot out the catalytic converter as Exhibit A.

In 2002 Canada's environment minister gave Kyoto a ringing endorsement while admitting that "we have not attempted to identify where every last tonne of emissions reductions will come from." How, then, could he be so sure the scheme would work? "If you set clear targets and then give business the flexibility to find the most efficient solutions, people in business can and do generate results well beyond their own expectations." The first example he cited to support this assertion: the catalytic converter.

And in his 2007 book *The New American Story*, Bill Bradley wrote:

> Global warming is fundamentally an air-pollution problem, and we have solved air-pollution problems before, at less cost than anyone thought possible. Technological advance has always given us pleasant surprises, once we decide as a nation that we want to reduce a particular pollutant and set tough regulations to achieve that reduction. In the 1960s, urban smog was a major health threat. . . . Then the catalytic converter was invented, and smog dropped by nearly 50 percent.

The analogy between greenhouse gases and smog is far from sound: Carbon dioxide, a fundamental product of fossil-fuel combustion, is much harder to get rid of than the by-products and leftovers that a catalytic converter neutralizes. It's like the difference between making brownies without preservatives and making them without sugar. Beyond that, however, the greens' argument assumes that the catalytic converter was an ordinary and predictable extension of technology, instead of a stunning and barely plausible achievement. You might just as well watch the Giants' Super Bowl comeback and expect a last-minute touchdown drive in every game.

The right lesson to be drawn from the catalytic converter is that engineers are capable of achieving great things if given realistic goals and properly chosen incentives. The wrong lesson is that engineers can and will do anything a bureaucrat or legislator dreams up. After nearly four decades of experience, automobile regulators are finally starting to understand the distinction between these two, but for today's new crop of global-warming crusaders, it's always 1970. **NR**

■ THE MIDDLE EAST

Syrian Hopes

A political party and its mission

JAY NORDLINGER

FARID GHADRY and the Reform Party of Syria have a dream: a dream of a free, democratic Syria. That dream may seem terribly far-fetched. But stranger things have happened, or at least equally strange things have: Think of the breakup of the Soviet Empire. And Ghadry and his party think that Syria has a right to freedom. They also think that Arab democrats have a right to the support of fellow democrats, wherever they may live.

RPS, as the Reform Party of Syria is known, was formed in the United States after 9/11. At that time, change in the Arab world seemed more needed than ever. Ghadry was one of the founders, and was elected its president. RPS is composed of Syrians in America, Syrians in Europe, and Syrians back home. (These last members have to keep quiet.) The party is secular. And its leadership is "consistent with the rich social mosaic of Syria," as RPS literature says. That mosaic includes Kurds, Alawites, Christians, Druze—and women. Women are excluded from political and civic life in Syria, as in many other Muslim countries.

RPS is funded strictly from private sources. The party has no support from the U.S. government, or any other government. As a friend of Ghadry's says, "Farid has to do things by the seat of his pants." But the party's foes still label it an American-Zionist stooge.

The Syrian dictatorship is one of the most oppressive in the Middle East, and one of the most oppressive on earth. Baathists have been in charge since 1963. In 1971, Hafez Assad rose to the top.

Mr. Nordlinger is an NR senior editor. *Here, There & Everywhere: Collected Writings of Jay Nordlinger* can be found at Store.NationalReview.com.

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Like a picked flower cut from the source, we gradually wilt physically and mentally and become vulnerable to a host of degenerative diseases, that we simply weren't susceptible to in our early adult years.

Modern medical science now regards aging as a disease that is treatable and preventable and that "aging", the disease, is actually acompilation of various diseases and pathologies, from everything, like a rise in blood glucose and pressure to diabetes, skin wrinkling and so on. All of these aging symptoms can be stopped-and rolled back by maintaining Growth Hormone levels in the blood at the same levels HGH existed in the blood when we were 25 years old.

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When he died in 2000, his son, Bashar, took over. In this period of transition, it seemed that Syrians would have some room to breathe. But Bashar soon clamped down. Then, in 2005, when international pressure forced Syria from Lebanon, there seemed to be another opening. As John Bolton, the former U.S. ambassador to the U.N., points out, Syria’s expulsion from Lebanon called into question the legitimacy of the regime itself. Besides which, Baathists had been overthrown in Iraq. Why not in Syria?

And yet, today, Assad and his dictatorship seem to have their hands tightly around the Syrian neck. In fact, a recent Human Rights Watch report was titled, “No Room to Breathe.” That does not mean there is no democracy movement inside Syria. There is. And occasionally it makes waves. Hear the names of some incredibly brave dissidents, now in prison: Riad Seif, Kamal Labwani, and the Bunni brothers, Anwar and Akram.

I remember, some years ago, sitting in Tirana with men who had been in dungeons for years—19, in one case. Albania was one of the most brutalized and oppressed societies imaginable. But now these men were involved in the leadership of their country. Will we ever sit with Syrians such as those named above?

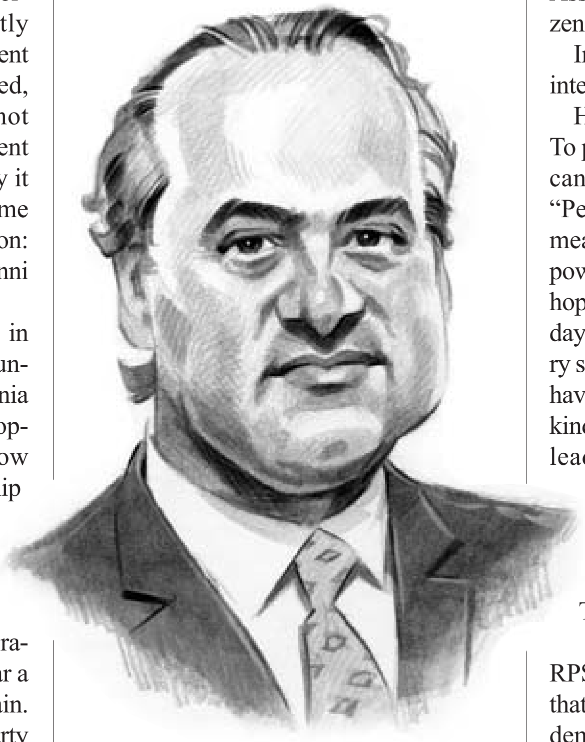
The bitter experience of Iraq has soured many Americans, and many Westerners, on the idea of Arab democracy. There are some who are loath to hear a word from an Arab democrat ever again. But hear some words of the Reform Party of Syria. RPS has a clearly spelled out program. And if it seems too good to be true, remember that many Syrians consider this program an urgent necessity.

RPS wants a “New Syria” where “multiple parties are represented and elections are held free from fear, intimidation, and repressive measures.” They want a Syria where minority rights are respected. They are for “the separation of Islam and state.” They say, “We feel that religion is a personal matter between God and oneself.” They want an education system in which people are taught to think for themselves, rather than indoctrinated. They want a Syria disentangled from Iran. They want peace with Israel, and they want to leave Lebanon alone: to be whatever it wishes to be. They want an open economy.

DARREN GYGI

It may suffice to say that they want what you and I have, and what Syrians in exile have. They are not after a utopia; they are after what they regard as normalcy—the conditions of a normal, non-psychotic state.

RPS decries the “Arabian Bolshevik nonsense” that pan-Arabism produced, as well as today’s surging Islamofascism. And they sound positively Reaganesque when they say that “Middle East governments must either reform” or be consigned to “the dustbins of history.” RPS declares that its commitment to Syrian democracy is “unwavering.” And “all of our energies and willpower are directed towards that single obsessive vision.”



Farid Ghadry

And the party’s president, Farid Ghadry? He was born in Aleppo in 1954. His family later lived in Damascus, Riyadh, and Beirut. When he was 13, something highly unusual happened: He was taken on a visit to Dachau, where the concentration camp was. This was a shock to him: He began to think differently about Jews, who had always been vilified to him. At 17, he was arrested by Syrian intelligence for civil disobedience—but was shortly released.

At 21, he came to the United States: to the Washington, D.C., area, where he still lives. He has had a successful career in business. In 1988, an event worth reporting occurred: He was in Riyadh, on a business trip, and was beaten by the Saudi religious police. The reason was, he did not go into a mosque to pray (preferring to browse the souk). This event, like the experience in Germany, had a powerful effect on him. Ghadry considers himself a nonobservant Muslim.

Last year, he traveled to Israel, at the invitation of the Knesset. He addressed one of its committees. Thereafter, Bashar Assad personally revoked his Syrian citizenship.

In all, Ghadry is a man of considerable intelligence, breadth, decency, and drive.

He and RPS engage in many activities. To put it succinctly, they do whatever they can to garner support for a free Syria. “People rely on you,” says Ghadry. He means people in Syria, who are usually powerless to help themselves. “They have hopes in you. You sense that burden every day, and every minute of your life.” Ghadry says that young RPS supporters in Syria have taken “daring action”—although this kind of action is not encouraged by party leadership. Any activist, any dissenter, in Syria risks a great deal. Young Syrians, says Ghadry, have distributed leaflets and put up posters. One of those posters said, “Reform Party: The Future of Our Young.”

Not everyone in Washington, where RPS is based, is a fan of Ghadry’s. And that includes strong well-wishers of Arab democracy. Ghadry’s critics say that he has claimed connections and influence in Syria that he has failed to prove. They say that, rightly or wrongly, he is not a player. For their part, Ghadry and his supporters say, Look at what the Assad regime has done. They have denounced him by name. They have exhibited other signs of nervousness. If Ghadry is a harmless, inconsequential businessman in America, why so nervous?

Ghadry and his party often rail against Western “timidity” and “appeasement.” They also rail against the West’s preference for “stability,” or for what is presumed to be stability: It may be illusory. They fault Western diplomats for having a lack of imagination, not to mention a lack of principle. And then there is the question of respect. Many people, Arab and non-Arab alike, wonder why Arab democrats

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are slighted by Western foreign-policy establishments. There are many theories, ranging from the psychological to the coldly strategic.

Ghadry notes that extremists get a lot of friendly attention, or at least sympathetic attention; at the same time, liberal democrats are taken for granted, or ignored. He says, "We need the United States, and democracies around the world, to understand that what we're doing is not only good for Syria, but good for everybody." To avoid another 9/11, he says, nothing is more important than the liberalization of the Middle East. Until that happens, "extremism is a runaway train," bound to do great damage.

It is certainly true that American and other policymakers have to choose which opponents of a regime like Syria's to back (if any). Assad has many and diverse opponents. These include members of his father's government who fell out of favor in the new one. Who will replace Bashar Assad, should he take a tumble? The democrats may not be the likeliest candidates.

But Ghadry argues that "Syrians are hungry for a fresh face and new ideas: for someone they can trust, who will not pilfer the country, whose past is not corrupt or marred by acts of violence. This is one of the main reasons, we are told over and over again, why RPS enjoys popularity among the young people in Syria. Our message of purity and hope resonates with a very skeptical young generation hungry for a way out of the trap of living robotically in Syria."

In foreign-policy circles, you may hear some snickering, or see some eye-rolling, about exiles: faraway actors who dream grandiose dreams. But people such as Farid Ghadry make good use of their lives. Are the rest of us doing as much? They could live merrily on in their adoptive countries, making money, enjoying the fruits of liberty. But they remember their original countrymen, and want them to have the kind of life that we in free countries are lucky to have. They want them at least not to be so choked. The likes of Ghadry may not succeed in their efforts. Then again, they may—particularly with Free World support. Moreover, they deserve to succeed. And democrats are the natural allies of democrats. **NR**

■ 2008 II

A Tiger, He's Not

Enough with the Obama-Woods comparison

BYRON YORK

WHO first referred to Barack Obama as "the Tiger Woods of politics"? The answer is a bit murky, but the phrase was not widely repeated in the public conversation until the *New York Times*'s Maureen Dowd used it in a March 2007 column wondering whether Obama is tough enough to win the White House. It seems a self-answering question: If Obama were really like Woods, the steely-nerved winner of all of golf's most coveted championships, then nobody would ask whether he's tough enough to win. But Dowd said it anyway, and the phrase has caught on; if you search the Nexis database for stories containing "Barack Obama" and "Tiger Woods," you'll find 1,232 examples. That makes it official, at least in the world of the punditocracy: Barack Obama is the Tiger Woods of politics.

It sounds good, except that anyone who knows anything about golf—or who knows anything about politics, for that matter—knows it's simply not true.

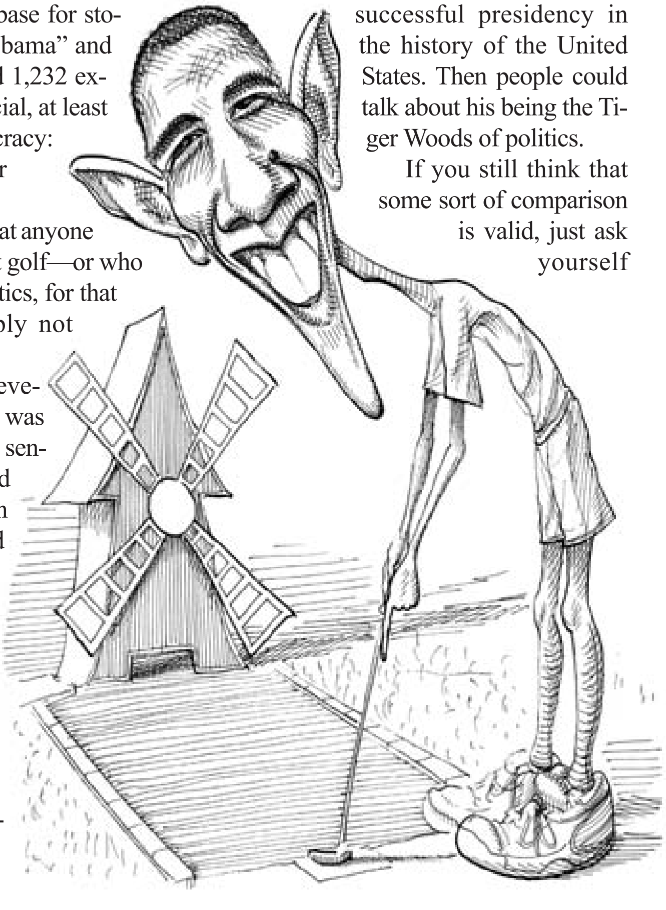
The reason is the achievement gap. Barack Obama was elected to the Illinois state senate in 1996 and the United States Senate in 2004. In that 2004 race, he defeated Republican Alan Keyes, the Maryland political activist who was brought in to run against Obama after Obama's Illinois GOP rival self-destructed in a sex scandal. Obama won handily over Keyes's virtually non-existent campaign. In neither his state career nor his brief time in the U.S. Senate has Obama done anything particularly distinguished.

And Woods? In the world of golf, winning major championships—the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open, and PGA Championship—is the most common measure of greatness. Jack Nicklaus, who for decades has held the title of World's Greatest, won 18 major championships. Just for reference, Ben Hogan won nine, Gary Player nine, and Arnold Palmer seven. But Woods, at the age of 32 and perhaps not even at his peak as a competitor, has won 13. (For one more bit of comparison, Woods's closest competitor playing today, Phil Mickelson, has won three.)

So even if Woods were to quit right now, he would be the second-greatest golfer in history. And what would Obama be if he were to quit today? It's hard to say—but he certainly wouldn't be the second-greatest political figure in history.

Okay. But what if Obama were to win the White House? He still wouldn't be the Tiger Woods of politics, not on the basis of one triumph. It might be different were Obama to win this November, and then win reelection in 2012, and in the meantime have the most or second-most successful presidency in the history of the United States. Then people could talk about his being the Tiger Woods of politics.

If you still think that some sort of comparison is valid, just ask yourself



ROMAN GENN

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this: Would anyone view it as a compliment if Woods were referred to as "the Barack Obama of golf"? If the winner of all those major championships were compared to a guy who had done a few years on the Nationwide Tour (golf's smaller circuit for up-and-coming players) and then won one tournament in the big leagues, although against a weak competitor—come on. Nobody would buy that.

So why do people continue to compare Obama to Woods? The answer is race, or the transcendence of race. Obama is mixed race, black father and white mother, and Woods is mixed race, black father and Thai mother. "Woods and Obama have a similar self-image, that it's not about race," University of Chicago professor Michael Dawson told the *New York Times*. "It's a central part of Obama's campaign. He can transcend race." If it weren't for that, it seems unlikely that anybody would be making any golf references about Barack Obama.

But talking about race and politics can be dangerous, and the Tiger Woods comparison has brought trouble to some of those who use it. Dowd got away without any negative reaction—except from highly offended golfers—but Republicans have had a more difficult time. That became clear in early April, at a campaign event in Washington, D.C., when an Iraq War veteran named David Bellavia introduced John McCain by saying, "Rest assured that men like Senator McCain will be the goal and the men that my two young boys will emulate and admire. You can have your Tiger Woods. We've got Senator McCain."

The phrase caused an instant reaction in the left-wing blogosphere and in some quarters of cable news. "Nothing obscure about this," MSNBC's Keith Olbermann told viewers. "Racism as a Republican campaign plank, Senator McCain introduced at a rally on Capitol Hill."

"We're back to ethnic territory here," MSNBC's Chris Matthews told viewers. "What [Bellavia] said [is] causing a bit of a stir."

"Ouch," said MSNBC's Dan Abrams.

And so on. As a scandal, the fuss over Bellavia's remarks was short-lived—and confined mostly to the MSNBC studios—but it was a reminder that any comparison using race and Obama can be a problem, especially if it's used by Republicans.

Meanwhile, what does the real Tiger Woods of golf think about all this? He would never say. Throughout his career, Woods has wisely steered clear of public statements about politics. For all we know, he might even be a Republican. For one thing, Woods is a player on the PGA tour, where Democrats are about as common as Republicans in MoveOn.org. "I'm not sure," a fellow player and good friend of Woods named David Duval once told the *Orlando Sentinel*, "but I think I might be the only registered Democrat on tour." Tour players, who are all, in effect, highly successful independent contractors, are also notoriously opposed to high taxes, and Woods, like most of his colleagues, moved to Florida not just for the weather but because of the absence of a state income tax. In addition, Woods's late father was a Green Beret, and Woods seems to put great store in military traditions. And he has resisted enormous pressure from liberal civil-rights leaders to publicly align himself with their causes.

None of that is definitive. But nobody should assume that, even if there were no achievement gap, Tiger Woods would be happy about being compared to Barack Obama.

Nobody should assume that Tiger Woods would be happy about being compared to Barack Obama.

In the end, people who like the comparison are probably just hoping a little of Woods's winning karma will rub off on Obama. But they should be careful what they wish for. This was supposed to be the year that Woods won everything. In early April, he was the prohibitive favorite to win the Masters, the year's first major championship. Woods himself said that winning all four majors in one year—the Grand Slam, not achieved by anyone since Bobby Jones in 1930—was "easily within reach." And then the golf gods decided otherwise, and Woods found himself moaning over missed putts—and a second-place finish to a scrappy underdog named Trevor Immelman—at Augusta.

Democrats, take note: Sure bets lose now and then. Even sure bets named Tiger Woods. **NR**

■ **BRITAIN**

Thus Are We Coarsened

Lessons from a sex scandal

ANTHONY DANIELS

If there is one thing the British still do best, it is sex scandals. Strange erotic practices and predilections remain common among the prominent of my great nation, and make the illicit sexual practices of the prominent of other nations (for example, those of Eliot Spitzer) seem tame and unimaginative; while for unadulterated titillation nothing can approach the British press. From its pruriently outraged tone, you'd think Britain was a nation of maiden aunts rather than a country in which 42 percent of children are born out of wedlock and in which scenes from Sodom and Gomorrah are enacted on every Friday and Saturday night in every town and city center in the land.

The latest scandal involves Max Mosley, the son of the former leader of the British Union of Fascists, Sir Oswald Mosley, and the president of the governing body of Formula One motor racing. The tabloid newspaper *News of the World* obtained a video of Mr. Mosley with five prostitutes in a room in his flat in London, indulging in sado-masochistic sex for several hours on end. Mosley spoke to the prostitutes in German; according to the newspaper, Mosley and the prostitutes acted out the roles of concentration-camp guards and inmates. Mosley denies this; schooled partly in Germany, he says he spoke to the prostitutes in German because some of them were German, and it was therefore only polite, or at least prudent, for him to do so.

News of the World, as is usual in such circumstances, combined practical salaciousness with theoretical puritanism. The opening line of its story went: "Formula One motor racing chief Max Mosley is today exposed as a secret sadomasochistic

Mr. Daniels is the author of *Utopias Elsewhere* and other books.

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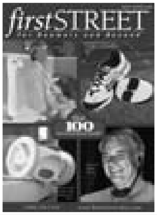

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sex pervert." Making mock of Oswald's claim, after an ugly racial incident in Barcelona, that he would "crack down" on racism in the sport, the *News of the World* went on: "But on Friday the only 'crackdowns' married Mosley was interested in were on bare buttocks—including his own."

The first sentence rather skates over the question of how Mosley's perversion came to be "today exposed." How did the newspaper obtain the video—by what totally immoral, and quite possibly illegal, procedure? Did Mosley himself have the video made, only for it to be stolen from him and sold to the newspaper? What public purpose did the newspaper think would be served by describing the recorded acts in lubricious detail on its front page, for millions of readers, and then by posting the video on its website? When I say "the newspaper" I mean, of course, the people who work for the newspaper.

Yellow journalism exerts a potentially disastrous effect on our political life.

In referring to "married Mosley," the staff of the newspaper might have spared a thought for the feelings of his wife (to whom, as they point out, he has been married for 48 years). Did the public interest in knowing Mosley's proclivities, which he indulged in what he must have thought was private, outweigh the likely distress caused to his wife? The wording suggests a ruthless cruelty on the part of the journalist who wrote the article and of the editor who allowed it to be printed.

Mosley is combative, as one might expect from a trilingual man of his descent who holds a degree in physics, was a successful advocate, ran an engineering company at a profit, and has been an efficient, if controversial, administrator of motor sports worldwide. He will not go quietly. He has filed a lawsuit against the newspaper for breach of privacy, not an offense under British law except insofar as it is a denial of the right (unless there be some contrary public interest) to a private life, which is enshrined in the European Convention on Human Rights, to which Britain is a signatory.

Mosley also tried to obtain a court order to prohibit the *News of the World* from putting the offending video on its website, but the judge ruled that since the video had already been so widely viewed (the newspaper's website had never before been visited so many times) there was no practical point in issuing such a prohibition. This reasoning implies that, had the video not already been widely viewed, the judge would have prohibited its posting on the website; and this, of course, would soon have led to a controversy about the limits to free speech, a vital question in a society in which Islamists are attempting to limit free expression, ostensibly in the name of religious tolerance but in reality with quite other purposes. If Mosley can be protected, why not Mohammed?

As soon as the story broke, both Mercedes-Benz and BMW officially expressed their disgust at "the content of the video." Mosley retorted by referring to the record of those companies during the Nazi era, which was much less than glorious, and once again denied that there were any Nazi overtones to the scenes of private debauchery.

Is he entitled to the benefit of the doubt about this? In his youth he helped his father in his attempt to revive his political fortunes with a watered-down form of fascism. His mother was, to the end, an unreconstructed admirer of Hitler's charm. Prima facie, the connotations of the video are extremely unpleasant and disturbing, and would be so even for someone without Mosley's particular family history. The fact that he chose specifically German prostitutes while in London must evoke suspicion. On the other hand, he has received support from his business partner and collaborator in motor sports, the billionaire Bernie Ecclestone, who is himself Jewish, who detected nothing anti-Jewish in the episode; no one, moreover, has been able to accuse Mosley of any specific anti-Semitic act or sentiment.

If, as seems likely, Mosley is forced out of office as president of the International Automobile Federation, the newspaper's lack of scruple will have been thoroughly vindicated. For why should he be forced out of office unless his behavior was of public interest, which is precisely the justification (though not, of course, the reason) for the newspaper's salacious story in the first place?

If, on the other hand, he brazens it out and remains in his post, the public will receive the impression—which no protestation or proof of innocence on his part could reduce or destroy—that Nazi sympathies are tolerated or winked at in the rarefied circles in which he moves. He will certainly go to his grave known as the Nazi-sympathizing sadomasochist.

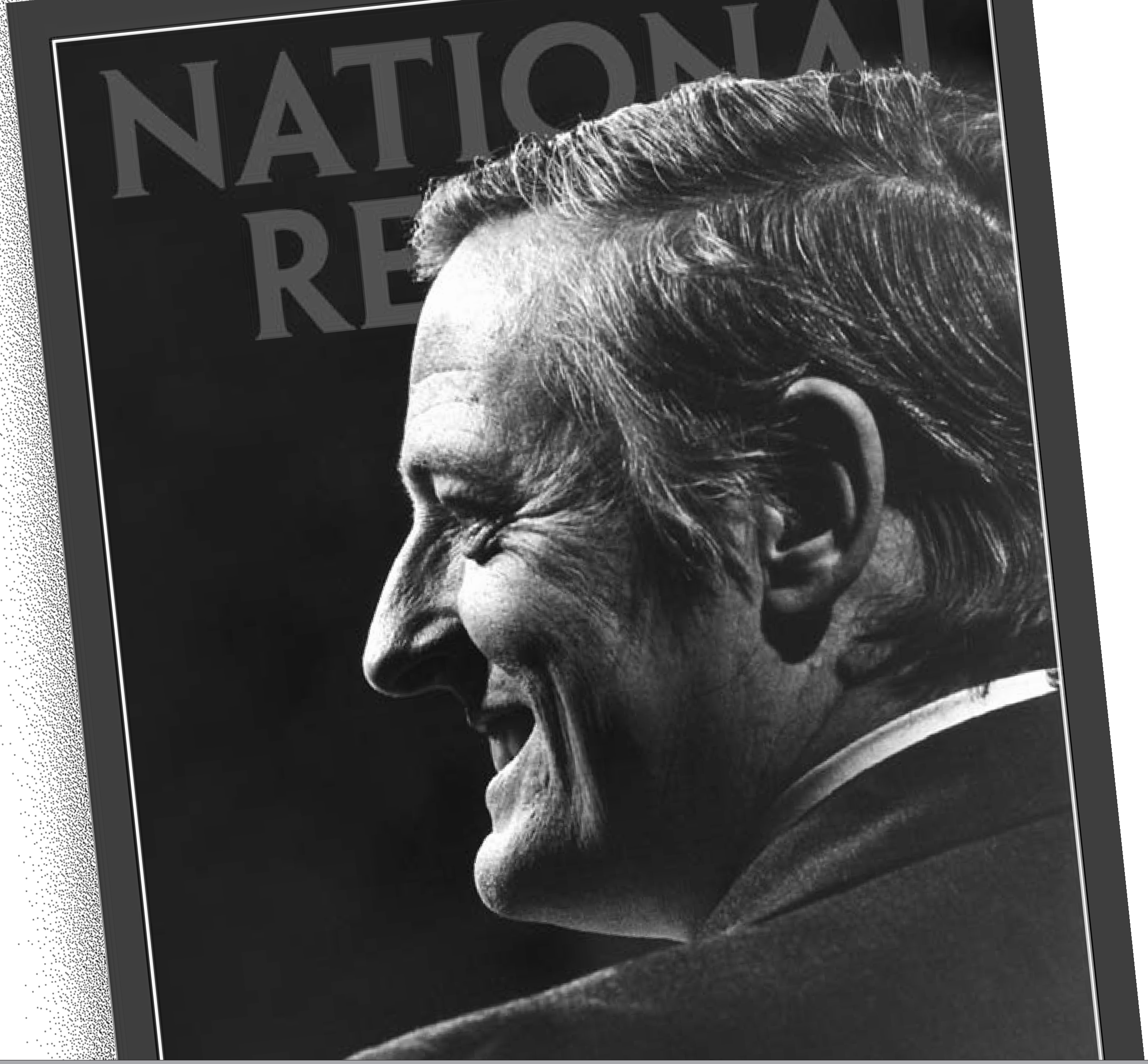
It is difficult to see that a man like Max Mosley represents much of a danger. It is one of the few advantages of the prevalence of political correctness that such a man could not express vile prejudices in public, even if he had them, but would be obliged to confine them to the private sphere and hide them from the public.

Yellow journalism, on the other hand, exerts a potentially disastrous effect on our political life. It is true that we need to know something of the character of our public figures, and it is true also that we do not want a press that is so respectful of the privacy of the prominent that it will not reveal anything that they would rather the public did not know.

An unscrupulous press, stopping at nothing to get a dramatic story, will result in the withdrawal of good people altogether from public life. The yellow press in Britain is not above using entrapment in its ceaseless quest to titillate a public jaded by its own excesses. In the end, only the thick-skinned and ambitious or very dull mediocrities will seek office, for fear of exposure of their moral blemishes, which can easily be blown up out of all proportion. It is not respect for the prominent that should actuate the press, but a sense of seemliness and an ability to judge what is in the public interest.

There are grey areas, of course. At what point does the infamy of a man's private conduct render him unsuitable for public office? Did Churchill's heavy drinking mean that he was unfit to be prime minister? Did Roosevelt's mistress make him a bad war leader? When does hypocrisy become so gross that a politician is justly hoist with his own petard?

If Max Mosley showed an inglorious lack of self-control, he did so in what he thought was private. The *News of the World*'s lack of self-control was worse and far more dangerous. The coarsening of our culture, of which it is both a cause and a manifestation, results also in the coarsening and thinning of our political life. Ultimately it endangers democracy more than a bizarre and pathetic fantasy. **NR**



Heartfelt thanks to all at *National Review* and contributors who helped create the wonderful tribute issue to Bill.

This was deeply appreciated by all the Buckley family. Bill must be tickled pink and mortified both at the same time.

With warmest regards,
Reid Buckley

■ **COVER STORY**

The Obama Way

A Chicago pol's special brand of insincerity

FRED SIEGEL

POLITICAL campaigning necessarily produces a wide gap between words and deeds—this is the price of bringing together a broad coalition with disparate interests. All effective politicians are at times authentically insincere or sincerely inauthentic. Exaggeration, embellishment, overstatement, double-talk, systematic deception, and lies presented as metaphorical "truths" are the order of the day.

So of course Barack Obama is no different. He exaggerates the credit he deserves for a very limited piece of ethics-reform legislation. He embellishes when he presents himself as having had a consistent record on the Iraq War, when in fact he's done a fair amount of zigzagging. He engages in double-talk when, on NAFTA and Iraq, he tells the rubes one thing and the policy people another. He overstates when he presents his minimal accomplishments in the Illinois senate as proof of his stature. He engages in systematic deception when he says he doesn't take money from lobbyists. He presents a lie as metaphorical truth when he says it was the 1965 "Bloody Sunday" attacks on peaceful civil-rights protesters in Selma, Ala., that inspired his parents to marry (they had been married for years already).

All of this is unappealing, but also unexceptional. What makes Obama different is that there's not just a gap but a chasm between his actions and his professed principles—this would normally kill a candidacy. And because his deeds are so few, the disparity is all the more salient. Obama, far more than the others, is the "judge me by what I say and not what I do" candidate. He wants to be the conscience of the country without necessarily having one himself.

The disparity between Obama's rhetoric of transcendence and his conventional Chicago racial and patronage politics is a leitmotif of his political career. In New York, politicians (Reverend Al excepted) are usually forced to pay at least passing tribute to universal principles and the ideal of clean government. But Chicago, until recently a city of Lithuanians, blacks, and Poles governed by Irishmen on the patronage model of the Italian Christian Democrats, is the city of political and cultural tribalism.

Blacks adapted to both the tribalism and the corrupt patronage politics that accompanied it. Historically, one of the ironies of Chicago politics is that the clean-government candidates have been the most racist, while those most open to black aspirations have been the most corrupt. When the young Jesse Jackson received his first audience with Richard Daley the elder, the mayor—impervious to the universalism of the civil-rights movement in its glory—offered him a job as a toll-taker. Jackson thought the offer demeaning but in time adapted. In Chicago, racial reform has meant that today's Mayor Daley has been cutting blacks in on the loot. Louis Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson, Jeremiah Wright, and Barack Obama are all, in part, the expression of that politics. It hasn't always worked for Chicago, which, under the pressure of increasing taxes to pay for bloated government, is losing its middle class. But it has served the city's political class admirably.

For all his Camelot-like rhetoric, Obama is a product, in significant measure, of the political culture that *Chicago Tribune* columnist John Kass described thus: "We've had our chief of detectives sent to prison for running the Outfit's (i.e., the mob's) jewelry-heist ring. And we've had white guys with Outfit connections get $100 million in affirmative action contracts from their drinking buddy, Mayor Richard Daley. . . . That's the Chicago Way." At no point did Obama, the would-be savior of American politics, challenge this corruption, except for face-saving gestures as a legislator. He was, in his own Harvard Law way, a product of it.

Why, you might ask, did the operators of Chicago's political machine support Obama? Part of the answer was given long ago by the then-boss of Chicago, Jake Arvey. When asked why he made Adlai Stevenson—a man, like Obama, more famous for speeches than for accomplishments—his party's gubernatorial

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candidate in 1948, Arvey is said to have replied that he needed to "perfume the ticket."

Obama first played a perfuming role as a state senator. His mentor, Emil Jones, the machine-made president of the senate, allowed him to sponsor a minor ethics bill. In return, Obama made sure to send plenty of pork to Jones's district. When asked about pork-barrel spending, Jones famously replied, "Some call it pork; I call it steak."

Obama repaid the generosity. When he had a chance to back "clean" Democratic candidates for president of the Cook County board of supervisors and Illinois governor, he stayed with the allies of the Outfit. The gubernatorial candidate he backed, Rod Blagojevich, is now under federal investigation, in part because of his relationship with Tony Rezko, the man who helped Obama buy his current house.

The Chicago Way has delivered politically for Obama even this year. Ninety percent of his popular-vote lead over Hillary Clinton comes from Illinois, and two-thirds of that 90 percent comes just from Cook County. Some of this advantage came from the efforts of Obama's political ally, the flame-throwing reverend James Meeks, a political force in his own right. Meeks, who mocks black moderates as "niggers," is an Illinois state senator, the pastor of a mega-church, and a strong supporter of Jesse Jackson's powerful political operation, which has put its vote-pulling muscle squarely behind the Obama campaign.

It was only with Obama's remarks about "bitter," white, working-class, small-town voters that we saw his difficulties appealing beyond the machine's reach. He won his U.S. Senate race in 2004 not only because his opponents self-destructed, but also because of the machine's ability to deliver votes (this minimized his need to campaign among working-class whites downstate). In Pennsylvania he has lacked such assistance—and the campaigning has not gone nearly so well. First Obama pretended to be a bowler and scored a 37. Then, appearing before a supposedly closed San Francisco audience, he complained that small-town Pennsylvanians "cling to guns or religion or antipathy toward people who aren't like them, or anti-immigrant sentiment or anti-trade sentiment, as a way to explain their frustrations."

This is the man who belongs to a church built around bitterness, rancor, and conspiratorial fear. During the Reverend Wright affair, Obama not only repeatedly lied about what he knew and when, but violated the spirit of the civil-rights movement in its mid-1960s glory. When as a young man I was on the periphery of the movement, there was an unwritten rule that if people told racist jokes or speakers engaged in defamatory rhetoric, you needed to register your immediate disapproval by confronting the speaker or ostentatiously walking out.

Wright's "black theology" is essentially a Christianized version of Malcolm X's ideology of hate. But for 20 years Obama, who had planned to run for mayor of Chicago, kept silent about the close if at times competitive relationship between Reverend Wright, whose 8,000-member mega-church gave him his political base, and Louis Farrakhan. His ambition overrode his moral integrity.

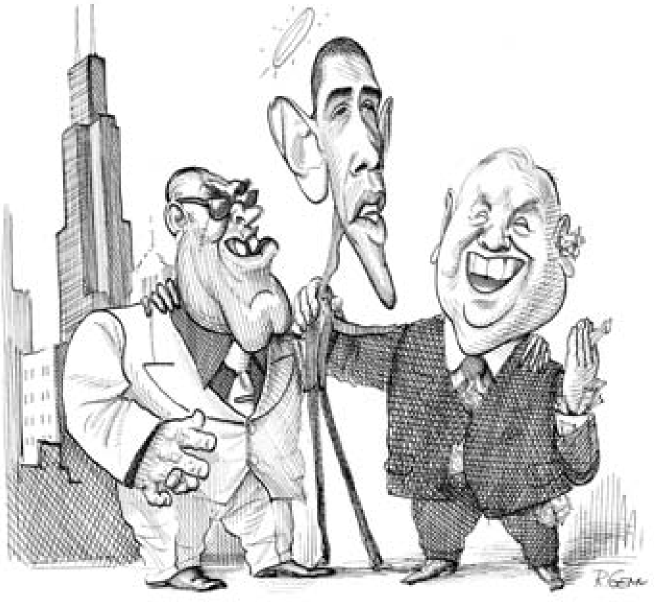
As part of his "black value system," Reverend Wright attacked whites for their "middle classism," "materialism," and "greed in a world of need." Obama sounded similar notes in his recent address at the Cooper Union, in which he laid the blame for the sub-prime mortgage crisis on those who had "embraced an ethic of greed, corner cutting, and inside dealing." But that's exactly what Obama did in buying his luxurious house. Given the choice of purchasing a less expensive home or getting into bed with his fundraiser-cum-slumlord-cum-fixer Tony Rezko, Obama chose the latter. Then again, the oppressed of Trinity Church are building Wright a $1.6 million, 10,340-square-foot home complete with four-car garage, whirlpool, and butler's pantry. This house, which backs onto a golf course, is to sit in Tinley Park, a gated community that is 93 percent white.

The Obamas' charitable giving is consistent with Reverend Wright's talking left while living right. Obama and his wife are quite well-off. They had an estimated income of $1.2 million from 2000 to 2004. But the man who preaches compassion and mutuality gave all of 1 percent of that income to charity during those years. Most of that went to subvent Wright's church.

BELOW THE FRAY

There is a similar chasm when it comes to Obama's claim to post-partisanship. His achievements in reaching out to moderate voters are largely proleptic. But words are not deeds, and while Obama has few concrete achievements to his name, his voting record hardly suggests an ability to rise above Left-versus-Right. In the Illinois state senate he made a specialty of voting "present," but after his first two years in the U.S. Senate, *National Journal*'s analysis of roll-call votes found that he was more liberal than 86 percent of his colleagues. His voting record has only moved farther left since then. The liberal Americans for Democratic Action now gives him a 97.5 percent rating, while *National Journal* ranks him the most liberal member of the Senate. By comparison, Hillary Clinton, who occasionally votes with the GOP, ranks 16th. Obama is such a down-the-line partisan that, according to *Congressional Quarterly*, in the last two years he has voted with the Democrats more often than did the party's majority leader, Harry Reid.

Likewise, for all his talk of post-racialism, Obama has, with the contrivance of the press, played traditional South Side racial politics. The day after his surprise loss in New Hampshire, and in



ROMAN GENN

anticipation of the South Carolina primary, with its heavily black electorate, South Side congressman Jesse Jackson Jr.—Obama's national co-chairman—appeared on MSNBC to argue, in a prepared statement, that Hillary Clinton's teary moment on the campaign trail reflected her deep-seated racism. "Those tears," said Jackson, "have to be analyzed. . . . They have to be looked at very, very carefully in light of Katrina, in light of other things that Mrs. Clinton did not cry for, particularly as we head to South Carolina, where 45 percent of African Americans will participate in the Democratic contest. . . . We saw tears in response to her appearance, so that her appearance brought her to tears, but not Hurricane Katrina, not other issues." In other words, whites who are at odds with, or who haven't delivered for, Chicago pols can be obliquely accused of racism on the flimsiest basis, but pillars of local black politics such as Reverend Wright, with his exclusivist racial theology, are beyond criticism.

Liberals love Obama's talk of taking on powerful financial interests. But here too he is rather slippery. In his Cooper Union speech, he denounced in no uncertain terms the "special interests" of people on Wall Street (who are well represented among his campaign donors). He of course had an opportunity to push for repealing the privileged tax treatment of private-equity firms when that question was before Charles Grassley's Senate subcommittee—but he simply made a pro forma statement in favor of doing so and disappeared into the woodwork. Nationally, as in Chicago, Obama the *soi-disant* "reformer" never crosses swords with any of his putative foes. To pick another example, he has attacked "predatory" sub-prime lenders while taking roughly $1.3 million in contributions from companies in that line of business.

Obama is the internationalist opposed to free trade. He is the friend of race-baiters who thinks Don Imus deserved to be fired. He is the proponent of courage in the face of powerful interests who lacked the courage to break with Reverend Wright. He is the man who would lead our efforts against terrorism yet was friendly with Bill Ayers, the unrepentant 1960s terrorist. He is the post-racialist supporter of affirmative action. He is the enemy of Big Oil who takes money from executives at Exxon-Mobil, Shell, and British Petroleum.

Obama has, in a sense, represented a new version of the Invisible Man, a candidate whose color obscures his failings. Perhaps his remarks about bitter Pennsylvanians' clinging to their guns have finally made visible the real man and his Harvard hauteur.

But so far, the wild discrepancy between Obama's words and his deeds, and between his enormous ambitions and his minimal accomplishments, doesn't seem to have fazed his core supporters, who apparently suffer from a severe case of cognitive dissonance. Like cultists who rededicate themselves when the cult's prophecies have been falsified, his fans redouble their delusions in the face of his obvious hypocrisy. That is because Obama, in the imagination of many of his fans in the public and the press, is both a deduction from what was—the failures of the Bush administration and the scandals of the Clintons—and an expression of what should be. The ideal, the aspiration, is so rhetorically appealing that it has been assumed to be true. They remind one of Woodrow Wilson's answer when asked if his plan for a League of Nations was practicable: "If it won't work, it must be made to work." **NR**

THE LEFT

Unified Theory

The candidate of change forbids you to disagree

JONAH GOLDBERG

'UNITY is the great need of the hour," insists Barack Obama. Unity and the hope for unity and the need for unity in the pursuit of hope and the hope that our unified hopefulness will carry us to ever greater heights of hopeful unity until each and every one of us is the person he longs to be: That's what Barack Obama is all about. And don't you *dare* say otherwise. These are not "just words."

One might be forgiven for asking, What the heck do these words *mean*? Specifically, what's so special about unity? Unity for what? Unity around what? Obama has an answer: We need unity "not because it sounds pleasant or because it makes us feel good, but because it's the only way we can overcome the essential [empathy] deficit that exists in this country." His wife, Michelle, dilates on the subject: "We have to compromise and sacrifice for one another in order to get things done. That is why I am here, because Barack Obama is the only person in this who understands that. That before we can work on the problems, we have to fix our souls. Our souls are broken in this nation."

If you go on to read or listen to more of this stuff, you'll eventually see what they're getting at: Americans need to rally around Obama and his platform if they are going to mend their souls and make this a better country. You might buy this or you might think it's hogwash, and there's no shortage of arguments out there for both perspectives, but what is it with this obsession with *unity*? American politicians used to have a word to describe their appeals to collective action for the betterment of the whole society. They called it *patriotism*. But that word summons the banshees of the Democratic party. To raise the issue of patriotism, say the Democrats, is to question whether someone is patriotic at all—at least when Republicans do it.

Except that Republicans don't actually use the word "patriotism" very much. Nevertheless, Democrats hear it in almost everything Republicans say. When Republicans disputed John Kerry's commitment to national defense, Democrats said they were questioning his patriotism. When John McCain released an ad calling himself the "American president Americans have been waiting for," one could hear outraged caterwauling from the Democratic jungle: *What's John McCain trying to say? We're un-American? Who's he calling unpatriotic?* Fred Barnes, writing in *The Weekly Standard*, calls this anticipatory offense "patriotism paranoia." Indeed, there does seem to be psychological insecurity on display. If I say to a male friend, "Those are nice shoes," and he responds with "How dare you call me gay!" it's fair to say he's the guy with the issues.

Obama himself has gotten in on this act: “In this campaign, we will not stand for the politics that uses religion as a wedge and patriotism as a bludgeon.” His campaign manager, David Plouffe, chimed in later: “Questioning patriotism is something we don’t think has a place in this campaign.”

This is a mess. Barack Obama and other Democrats use the word “unity” as a substitute for something like “patriotism.” They consider “questioning the patriotism” of Democrats—even when it’s not actually being questioned—beyond the pale and “divisive.” All the while they use the word “divisive” with diuretic abandon as code for “unpatriotic.” And if that’s not confusing enough, many Democrats routinely declare flat-out that Republicans are unpatriotic. For example, Howard Dean, when running for president, insisted that John Ashcroft was “not a patriot. John Ashcroft is a direct descendant of Joseph McCarthy.” John Kerry complained that Bush’s “creed of greed” led him to “unpatriotically” allow corporations to move overseas. And what is the “chickenhawk” epithet if not an attack on the patriotism of war supporters who do not enlist, lubricated with the spittle of anti-hypocrisy hysteria?

Perhaps we should “unpack” some of these concepts, as the academics say.

DEFINITIONS GOOD AND BAD

Suppose there were someone who believed it might do America “a ton of good to have our butts kicked” (in the words of left-wing novelist Tom Robbins). Or that the world would benefit from “a million Mogadishus,” and that “the only true heroes are those who find ways to defeat the U.S. military” (Columbia professor Nicholas De Genova). Or that America is “just downright mean”—brimming with “broken souls”—and hasn’t done anything worthy of pride in her lifetime (Michelle Obama). Or that because of the racism of “U.S. of KKK A” at home, and its cruelty abroad, we shouldn’t sing “God bless America” so readily as “God damn America” (Rev. Jeremiah Wright). It would stretch the bounds of neither reason nor decorum to say these people are less in love with America than is your typically patriotic person. Try replacing “America” in the above quotes with just about any other noun. “The only true heroes are those who find ways to defeat the New York Yankees!” “Cleveland is downright mean!” “God damn my KKK-car!” And so on. In any of these instances, a reasonable person might question the speaker’s love for the Yankees, Cleveland, or Chrysler. But no reasonable person may ever—*ever!*—question someone’s love of country when he attacks it with similar words.

If patriotism is a thing, if it has meaning as a concept and as a description of attitudes or behaviors, it isn’t surprising that some people will be more patriotic than others—whatever definition we finally settle on. And we need not settle on just one, because there are many kinds of patriotism. Walter Berns argues in his book *Making Patriots* that, because America is a nation founded on individual rights, American patriotism differs markedly from, say, Spartan patriotism, which extolled loyalty to the collective and the state above all else. Many liberals would agree with this at first blush. But they can’t seem to hold on to the idea that American patriotism has something to do with *America.*

John Edwards, whose bifocal vision of “two Americas” involves pity for one and contempt for the other, says, “Patriotism is about refusing to support something you know is wrong, and having the courage to speak out with strength and passion and backbone for something you know is right.” Well, no. Dissent is about all that. Patriotism is about loving your country. So, yes, dissent *could* be patriotic—or it could be treason. Everyone from American Communist spies and saboteurs dedicated to the overthrow of the U.S. government during the Cold War to the protesters carrying signs saying “Bomb Texas, Not Iraq” at your typical ANSWER rally is patriotic, according to Edwards’s definition, which is 200-proof nonsense.

Or consider this supposedly brilliant bumper-sticker insight: “Dissent is the highest form of patriotism.” Mark Steyn has had great fun with that line, pointing out that Thomas Jefferson—usually credited as its author—never said anything of the sort.

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Steyn traces the fakery back to a 1991 quote from Nadine Strossen, the head of the ACLU, an organization with a vested interest in putting the founders' imprimatur on relentless knee-jerk complaining. (The oldest reference I can find in major newspapers is a 1969 line from New York mayor John Lindsay, who was congratulating anti-Vietnam protesters at Columbia for their patriotism. He was booed after he left the stage, and Paul Boutelle—a cab driver and Socialist Workers party mayoral candidate known after 1979 as Kwame Montsho Ajamu Somburu—vilified him in absentia. The crowd loved it.)

It is worth pointing out that if Jefferson had in fact said something like that, he would have been what social scientists call a *moron*. As John O'Sullivan once noted, tongue firmly in cheek, "Dissent is the highest form of patriotism. Treason is the highest form of dissent. Therefore treason is the highest form of patriotism." Yet when you listen to the verbal contortions many on the left go through to defend the *New York Times*'s efforts to reveal national-security secrets, or to journalists who think expressing open sympathy for America in the international arena is a grave sin, or simply to the usual battiness of countless America-haters, you can appreciate the wisdom of the Italian proverb that the truest things are said in jest.

Like the layers of steel in a Japanese sword, the logic of "Jefferson's" wisdom folds in on itself until one is left with an adamantine blade of invincible ignorance and razor-sharp asininity. For example, if George Bush and conservatives are little better than Prussian heel-clickers for wearing their patriotism on their sleeves, what does it say about you when you wear your patriotism on your bumper? After all, "Dissent is the highest form of patriotism" is bandied about almost exclusively by self-styled dissenters. "This is not the first time in American history when patriotism has been distorted to deflect criticism and mislead the nation," harrumphed the Great Dissenter John Kerry in 2006. "No wonder Thomas Jefferson himself said: 'Dissent is the greatest form of patriotism.'" Get it? John Kerry is bragging about what a great *patriot* he is by calling attention to what a wonderful *dissenter* he is. "I am more patriotic than thou" sneaks up on us in the Trojan Horse of "I dissent more than thou."

Now it must be said that no conservative standing upon the shoulders of Burke, Nock, Buckley, Hayek, Goldwater, and Reagan would for a moment dispute the suggestion that dissent *for the right reason* can be *one* high form of patriotism. But it depends on the reason. The dissenter-for-dissent's-sake is among the most common species of pest in the human ecosystem. The reflexive contrarian who cares not what he is contradicting is quite simply the most useless of citizens.

When confronted with the assertion that the Soviet Union and the United States were moral equivalents, William F. Buckley Jr. famously responded that if one man pushes an old lady into an oncoming bus and another man pushes an old lady out of the way of a bus, we should not denounce them both as men who push old ladies around. Likewise, we should not say that the man who dissents from a church-burning mob and the man who dissents from a fire brigade are morally equivalent "dissenters."

American patriots pay heed: The founding fathers dedicated a great deal of thought to the subject of unity, and they found it was something to view with skepticism at best and, more often than not, with fear.

"FASCIST," YOU SAY?

Part of the problem is that many on the left think patriotism is essentially fascist, another name for nationalism and jingoism. And some may use it that way—but some may also call a duck a "cat," which doesn't mean we should all be hostage to this usage. The misuse of "patriotism" and "dissent" is worse, because a country without a word to describe its love for what is best within it is a country ill-equipped to defend what is best within it. And, for the record, it should be noted that fascism wasn't about patriotism, but nationalism. Hitler himself insisted he was no patriot, but a nationalist. In the United States, a creedal nation dedicated to limited government and individual rights, fascist nationalism is almost the complete opposite of patriotism.

Alas, that's too much for many liberals to process, so they have come to extolling the word "unity." But here's the thing: Unity by itself has no moral worth whatsoever. The only value of unity is strength, strength in numbers—and, again, that *is* a fascist value. That's the symbolism of the *fasces*, the bundle of sticks that in combination are invincible. Rape gangs and lynch mobs? Unified. The mafia? Unified. The SS? They had unity coming out the yinyang. Meanwhile, Socrates, Jesus, Thomas More, and an endless line of nameless souls were dispatched from this earth in the name of unity. Returning to Buckley, the mob that pushes old ladies in front of a bus and the posse that tries to stop the mob are not morally equivalent. Indeed, the lone man who faces the mob with justice on his side is the greatest of heroes.

American patriots pay heed: The founding fathers dedicated a great deal of thought to the subject of unity, and they found it was something to view with skepticism at best and, more often than not, with fear. Hence we have a constitution designed to

Black Market Baldness Cure?

If you'd love to start growing your own hair back — thick, luxurious and healthy — then this will be the most life-changing message you'll ever read.

My name is Mike Gregory. I'm 59 years old and I used to be as bald as the palm of your hand. But now my own hair is growing back like wild jungle vegetation. You can do the same. Here's what I discovered…

European scientists were doing research on skin cancer using white mice. Each morning their skin was cleansed with a special detergent. After several weeks — the scientists noticed something amazing.

The mice seemed to be growing more fur. And not just short, little mouse fur either. Super fur! This stuff was thick and long. Like a mink pelt. Could it have been the detergent?

Scientifically Proven

The scientists did a controlled, double-blind study on several hundred bald men. Each morning half the group got a small dab of this detergent rubbed into their bald scalps. The other half got a small dab of a placebo. In six weeks, new hair began to sprout on the first group's bald heads. After a year — 90% of these subjects were growing their own hair back!

I know what you're thinking… "So why can't I just buy this stuff at the drugstore?"

That's where the black market angle comes in. The FDA has approved this magic substance as a food additive and a surfactant only — not a baldness treatment. You'd be arrested and jailed if you tried to market it as a baldness remedy. You know how brutal these guys can be.

But there's no law against telling people what this stuff is and where to get it yourself.

So I wrote a little book called, "**Black Market Baldness Cure?**" It gives you the whole story. How it works, why it works and where you can get your hands on as much as you need — real cheap too. Incredibly, a ten year supply will run you less than twenty bucks!

Safe As Mother's Milk

But is it safe? It's a food additive for god's sake. If you eat ice cream, salad dressing or mayo — you've unknowingly consumed the same stuff that can grow hair on a completely bald head! So yeah — it's quite harmless.

And it works better than those other baldness treatments that can have dangerous side effects. And a heck of a lot cheaper. You'll easily spend $100.00 or more per month on most of those other "remedies".

But here's the kicker — It doesn't work on everyone. Why? I don't know. But ten percent of guys just don't respond to this treatment.

With my guarantee — it doesn't matter. Go ahead — skip ahead and read the guarantee. I'll wait…

No B.S.

OK — so you see I'm not fooling around here. This is serious business and I won't waste your time or money or ask you to do something dangerous.

Here's a short list of other guys who have used my secret to successfully grow back their hair…

The conductor of a symphony orchestra, 8 homicide detectives, an assistant chief of police, 15 dermatologists, 2 dentists, a district attorney, the head of a county health department, an NFL scout and numerous newspaper, television and radio personalities and many Hollywood celebrities. And there's thousands more. You get the idea.

There's even a United States Patent for this material. I've included a copy in the book.

So here's what this little volume will do for you...

- You will grow your own hair back — starting in about 6 weeks
- Your results are absolutely guaranteed — I take all risk
- No hormones are involved
- No surgery is involved
- No hair weaves
- No toupees
- No wigs
- No sexual side effects
- You will look like a young man again!
- Works equally well for women who have thinning hair

FREE BONUS — "How To Feel Like A Teenager Again: Ultimate Anti-Aging Secrets Hollywood Elites Paid $20,000.00 To Discover!"

During my comprehensive research on baldness I discovered the latest research results from teams of scientists, physicians and anti-aging specialists who have recently slowed down the aging process.

Specifically — they discovered five nutrients that when taken every day-actually changes your appearance, health and vitality.

Just pop a few special pills and many signs of aging can be halted and reversed. You'll start to look and feel 20 years younger in only 30 days — guaranteed!

You just need to know what these incredible little pills are and where to get them. I spill all the beans and reveal all the secrets of where and how to get these little "magic youth bullets" — without spending an arm and a leg.

I could name drop and tell you about the superstar actor/director in his 70's who's winning Oscars and swears by these nutrients. Or the international diva or the US Senator. But I'm sworn to secrecy. And they paid up to 20 grand a year for these secrets. But not you...

This special FREE bonus report is yours to keep for free — even if you return the "**Black Market**" book for a complete refund as stated in my guarantee.

Here's why you can feel confident you aren't risking a single penny…

Lifetime "I Pay For Everything" Guarantee

PART 1: Use the secret in "**Black Market Baldness Cure?**" for as long as you want. Order the secret ingredient from the list of supply houses I've provided and give it a good test. If you don't agree that you are growing your own hair back, just send the book back anytime. Take a year, five years, ten years. Send it back anytime in your *lifetime* and I'll cheerfully refund every penny of your purchase price! But you get to keep the bonus report, *"How To Feel Like A Teenager Again: Ultimate Anti-Aging Secrets Hollywood Elites Paid $20,000.00 To Discover".*

PART 2: But here's the really good part of my guarantee: If you do ever send the book back, send me a copy of your receipt for your purchase of the magic hair growth material from the supply house and I'll refund every cent you paid for that too — up to $20.00! You risk absolutely nothing. Fair enough?

Here's how to order…

Risk-Free Trial Offer

☑ OK Mike — I'm going to take advantage of your risk-free trial offer to grow my own hair back and learn how to feel like a teenager again and stop father time in his tracks. I understand that if I'm not satisfied for any reason, I can send the book back anytime in my *lifetime* and get a complete refund of every penny I paid. But I get to keep the FREE bonus report and you'll also refund every penny I paid for the secret hair growth ingredient (up to $20.00) if I send you a copy of the receipt from the supply house. On that basis here's my $39.95 plus $4.95 S&H for a total of **$44.90**.

Please make your check or moneyorder out to **U.S. Health** and mail it to: **US Health, Dept. NR-5, 1153 Malabar Rd. NE #8267, Palm Bay, FL 32907**. You may also send your Visa, Mastercard or American Express number with expiration date. Your book and bonus report will be rushed to your door by first class mail in a discreet brown padded envelope. Thanks — Mike.

P.S. Write the code words "**Dr. Blue**" anywhere on your order and I'll send you a special 2nd FREE bonus report that will stun your sex life into action without even thinking about it. If this big "little" secret doesn't work for you — you're dead! Guys tell me this report is worth more than the other two books combined. And you can keep it even if you send the "**Black Market**" book back if you order today.

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thwart the baser forms of unity. Our government is set up so that the Senate cools the populist passion of the House, the executive thwarts the passions of the legislature and vice versa, and the Supreme Court checks the whole lot, to which its composition is in turn ultimately subject. "Divisiveness"—the setting of faction against faction, one branch of government against another, and the sovereignty of the individual above the group—was for the founders the great guarantor of our liberties and the source of civic virtue.

Rightly ordered unity in a democratic republic is the end result of ceaseless debate and discussion. But today, ceaseless debate and discussion is precisely what many liberals object to. As Al Gore is fond of saying about global warming, "The time for debate is over." Legions of liberals insist that we must move beyond ideology and partisan differences on this, that, and the other. But have you ever heard anyone say that we need to "move beyond ideology" for the sake of bipartisan unity and then abandon his own position? Of course not. When someone says that we need to get past labels and move beyond ideology, what he means is that *you* need to drop your principled objections and get with the program. That is why *Time* magazine heralded Arnold Schwarzenegger and Michael Bloomberg as "new action heroes": These "post-partisans" had dropped any pretense of a Republican vision and simply embraced the liberal agenda. That's what the AARP intends when its ad campaign for health-care reform proclaims: "Divided we fail." The mascot for this campaign is a chimera, the GOP elephant's head and the Democratic jackass's body. Of course, such a creature cannot be created without shrinking the Republican brain or vastly inflating the Democratic ass.

The fact that we take liberals seriously when they talk about patriotism doesn't mean they are doing the same. John Edwards wouldn't call a Communist saboteur a patriot, and Barack Obama's love of unity would hardly drive him to praise the virtue of the mob. But what's important to understand is that it is the Left, not the Right, that speaks in code. The supposedly neutral language of "unity" and "division" is not neutral at all. "My rival in this race," Obama proclaimed early in 2007, "is not other candidates. It's cynicism." His insistence that "divisiveness" is his greatest enemy is belied by the fact that he is unwilling to repudiate Jeremiah Wright, who is about as divisive a character as we've seen in American politics in a generation. Meanwhile, Obama sees nothing wrong with demonizing Geraldine Ferraro—or even his own grandmother—for crass political purposes. He uses seemingly conciliatory language to give the impression that he is above the fray, transcendent and enlightened. Only those who see through his act are cynical, only those who disagree with his agenda are divisive. But he won't name names, because that would spoil the illusion. "It would," in the words of Andrew Ferguson, "at last be plain that his politics of unity, his politics of 'addition not subtraction,' is simply another way of recasting the old 'politics of us vs. them' that he says he disdains."

It's worth asking, then: If Obama and the Democrats believe *unity* in all things is the supreme political value, but the American tradition holds that *liberty* is a greater good, then could it not be argued that Barack Obama's rival in this race is not the other candidates, but patriotism? **NR**

■ CULTURE WATCH

Remembering 1968

The student movement that set the stage for the center Right

MICHAEL NOVAK

AFTER 40 years, the year 1968 still brings to mind elite students, major universities, rebellion, the delegitimation of traditional authorities, cultural upheaval, the lifestyle revolution, marches for civil rights, anti-war protests, the drug culture, flower children, feminism, the search for personal meaning, and a last youthful gasp of the Marxist imagination. The year 1968 served a very spicy moral goulash—but where did all these seemingly disparate ingredients come from? And why did they emerge with such force at that particular time?

From my own experience of the 1960s, I would like to describe some of the arguments and insights that led a portion of the students I taught at Stanford to cast their lots with the "youth movement." They did not seem especially predisposed to do so; many of these soon-to-be radicals were unusually industrious in fulfilling their classroom duties, good-hearted, well brought up, and eager to participate in community service. During the presidential election of 1964, 51 percent of Stanford undergraduates described themselves as conservatives, and the *Stanford Daily* endorsed Barry Goldwater.

So, from the first, their choices were freighted with ambivalence. A few took actions that destroyed their future prospects, even their lives; yet for others the Sixties were a liberating and humanizing experience that set them on paths they still find fulfilling today. To clarify the tangle of motives that led so many to join the youth movement, I want to propose a distinction between the movement as a whole (which, given enough time, went badly) and the widely varying personal journeys of some of its participants.

In the oft-derided cant phrases of the day, many in the 1960s sought to "seek their own identity" and "find themselves." Had these vacuous slogans been replaced with the Socratic dictum "the unexamined life is not worth living," this quest for identity might have received, not instant mockery, but some degree of respect. The quest was a starting point for millions of American youths, and understanding why the question "Who am I?" became especially insistent during the years 1964–68 is essential to understanding that turbulent era. Nowadays as then, universi-

Mr. Novak is the George Frederick Jewett scholar in religion, philosophy, and public policy at the American Enterprise Institute. His new book, *No One Sees God*, will be published in August. This essay is adapted from a lecture delivered in January 2008 at the Lateran University in Rome.

Disaster Relief for Catholics Stranded at Holy Diversity Parish

The Holy See speaks out against abortion, homosexuality, priestesses, euthanasia, pre-marital sex, pornography, smutty sex education, unjust wars, screwy theology, and more. But you won't hear anything about that at Holy Diversity Parish.

Are you interested in a Mass with majesty and mystery? You won't find it at Holy Diversity Parish. The incense, sanctus bell, votive candles, Communion rails, and statues of the saints are long gone. The organ gathers cobwebs while Ms. Cantor bangs her conga drums. The crucifix has been taken down, replaced by a floating Jesus. The words of the readings and liturgy have been gender-bended. If you're looking for the Tabernacle, get ready to play Hide & Seek. And don't even think about praying before or after Mass, for the din insures that'll be impossible. Besides, there are no kneelers.

But who wants real meat when you can get crumbs? At Holy Diversity Parish you get balloons, clowns, liturgical dancers, dime-store decorations, butterflies hanging from the ceiling, and banners with greeting-card sentiments. And you always get vacuous feel-good homilies.

You won't hear about the Church's "controversial" teachings. Why not? Ask Fr. Flapdoodle. "Too mean and judgmental," says he.

At Holy Diversity Parish, last year's pop psychology is all the go. Shack-ups and homosexual partnerships are considered morally equivalent to Holy Matrimony. After all, Fr. Flapdoodle doesn't refer to husbands and wives as husbands and wives anymore — now he calls them "partners," just like the people in immoral unions, lest those living in sin feel "marginalized" or, well, sinful. Indeed, sin and repentance are passé, prompting one to wonder why Christ bothered to get crucified.

Fr. Flapdoodle is keeping the full Catholic message from his parishioners. Holy Diversity Parish is robbing the laity of their history, doctrine, moral resources, and intellectual heritage.

How long are goofball clerics going to bow down before the strange gods of an alien culture? We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine edited by traditional lay Catholics, say to the double-dealing men (men?) of the cloth: "Stop enfeebling the laity! Shape up or ship out!"

We have an international audience, and we're published in infamous Berkeley, so we've seen fads and frauds galore. We aren't afraid to call Fr. Flapdoodle a wimp and a coward. No wonder Karl Keating says we have "attitude." No wonder *The Remnant* calls us "devastatingly Catholic!"

Traditional Catholics in Berkeley? Yes! Damn the torpedoes!

Among those who've written for us are Walker Percy, Michael S. Rose, Anne Barbeau Gardiner, Alice von Hildebrand, and Tom Bethell.

If you're sick and tired of Catholicism-Lite, disgusted when priests, nuns, and theologians curry favor with liberal secularists and the forces of neopaganism, we're for you. If you're stranded at Holy Diversity Parish, or even if you aren't, subscribe today and enrich your Catholic Faith!

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ties are doing everything they can to block that question from being raised, and to maintain a sort of institutional repression.

EARLY STIRRINGS

In August of 1965, my wife and I, expecting our first child, drove out to Palo Alto, Calif., where my first professional position was waiting. I would be an assistant professor in a new religion department, the first Catholic in that field in Stanford's distinguished history. During the three years we were there, approximately 300 students per quarter attended my classes (usually in one large lecture class and one small specialized class)—that is, almost a thousand students per year, a good proportion of the undergraduate student body.

The youth movement reached Stanford more slowly, and at first more humanistically and democratically, than it did at many other campuses, notably nearby Berkeley. It first made its presence known in the spring of 1966, when students elected the most radical student-body president in the school's history—David Harris, later the husband of the folk singer Joan Baez. Harris had campaigned as a "humanistic" radical, meeting with students in every campus dormitory and many fraternity and sorority houses for long, relaxed conversations and easygoing late-night arguments about the near future of the university and the nation. For some students, this process provided a superb self-education. For others, as happened often in those years, early probings drifted more and more into angry activism.

"Rap sessions" like these were a constant feature of the era, and as I wrote at the time, the student conversations of the 1960s were characterized by three basic weaknesses: Too little consciousness of the irony, tragedy, and irrepressible sinfulness of human affairs; an unrealistic appraisal of the proper role of power and self-interest in all human institutions; and a strong tendency toward rosy, gauzy hope in "progress," including utopian fantasies about "new" types of human societies. These three weaknesses combined to guarantee, sooner or later, tragic outcomes.

Still, a constituent element of irony and tragedy is self-consciousness about good intentions, along with a false sense of personal innocence. These flaws are typical of the young, who so easily dwell unforgivingly on the faults, failings, and all-too-visible sins of their parents, their elders, and all the institutions that they have grown up in.

Most of my students at Stanford during 1965–68 had been born just after World War II, into the greatest period of prosperity the world had ever experienced. Their parents had grown up during the Depression, and their grandparents had memories of the First World War and the hard, rugged life of a predominantly rural America. The families of these students did everything possible to make the life of the generation of the 1960s more comfortable than their own had been. No previous generation in history had been as cosseted as the one that was coming of age in 1968.

No wonder my students felt so potent, so favored by the whole universe, and so singularly virtuous. Among other things, they were receiving the education that so many of their parents and grandparents had gone without. In the United States, a new university was founded, on average, every two weeks from 1945 to 1972. Never had so many twentysomethings been enrolled in college anywhere on earth. Never had there been so many young professors, well-trained but quite unseasoned.

The older generation had learned from the dictators of the two World Wars the dangers of authoritarianism, and they often warned their children against passive, uncritical obedience. In addition, for fear of appearing to be "dictators" in their own homes, many parents were deliberately lax in applying the sort of discipline under which, as youths, they had chafed.

Developments in the nation and the world reinforced an emerging sense of worldwide freedom and possibility. New hopes and horizons had dramatically emerged from the election of the young John F. Kennedy as president in 1960. Between 1962 and 1965, the most unchanging institution of the West, the Catholic Church, had launched at the Second Vatican Council a more open and searching "aggiornamento" than any other institution on earth. The civil-rights movement, after first drawing national attention in the mid-1950s, had continued to gain strength, and by 1964 had wrested a path-breaking Civil Rights Act from the government. In effect, the United States had convicted itself of hypocrisy and set out to rectify it, first legally and then in the practices of everyday life. One older European journalist told me at the time that the American reforms in civil rights during the 1960s were the deepest and most moving social transformation she had ever witnessed.

From these events, dominant mantras emerged. The first, with so many areas of life undergoing revolution, was "The times they are a-changin'." Everything seemed new and fresh; everything seemed promising; the force of change seemed unstoppable. Second: "Don't trust anyone over 30." The leading figures of their time were confessing the nation's long history of hypocrisy with respect to blacks. What other hypocrisies remained to be exposed? Third: "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem." Students who had spent their summers registering voters and organizing protests in Mississippi and Alabama came back to their campuses much moved by the poverty, violence, and sheer meanness that they had encountered. They were surprised that many of their own professors—and university administrators—were not as alarmed as they were; their elders were preoccupied with expanding their universities to accommodate far higher numbers of students than ever before, and to elbow their way into greater national prestige.

ROOTS OF REBELLION

The academic profession reinforced this appearance of disengagement with its supine response to the misnamed Free Speech Movement, which began across the bay from Palo Alto at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1964. Many kinds of political activity, such as students promoting non-university events or organizing on behalf of campaigns, were prohibited on campus, but much of the controversy and student anger involved a nearby piece of land, at the intersection of Bancroft Way and Telegraph Avenue, that was owned by the university. When police attempted to enforce the ban there in October 1964, students responded with sit-ins and other protests that eventually disrupted the university in December.

The very idea of a university rests on the principle that professors have superior wisdom to convey to their far less knowledgeable students, yet the Berkeley faculty, intimidated by menacing students, caved in to the demonstrators' extortion. Any moral or intellectual standing that professors might have had in the eyes of students was dashed to the ground. Similar craven surrenders occurred at some 300 other campuses over the next few years.

Then came the shock of Vietnam, which thrust a bitter choice upon privileged young men. University students were entitled to defer military service while pursuing their education, but for juniors and seniors, graduation was scarily imminent. In 1968 some common occupational exemptions and graduate-school deferments were taken away, making more young men subject to the draft. Resistance to the war grew in bitterness, even though the active resisters still made up only a minority of university students.

The college generation of 1968 had been taught by their parents that they were special and, as they grew older, would excel in national leadership. They were often described as the best-educated young people ever. Many young men imagined themselves perishing in the jungles of distant Vietnam before the dreams of their parents had been fulfilled—an indescribable waste. A small but increasing number began to burn their draft cards in defiance, declaring themselves conscientious objectors (even though many could not claim that they belonged to any "peace church").

Another factor was the event said to have ignited "the Sixties," the Kennedy assassination, which was shocking at the time but whose aftermath may have had even greater effects. Most of my students at Stanford had been 15 or 16 years old on November 22, 1963, when the young and vigorous John F. Kennedy was shot and killed as he rode in an open convertible in Dallas, Texas. The assassin turned out to be a Communist who had lived for a time in Moscow, was married to a Russian woman, and just before November 22 had made contact with the Cuban embassy during a trip to Mexico City.

Berkeley, 1964

AP

These revelations boggled the left-wing mind; it could not tolerate the idea. In response, liberals went searching for "conspiracies"—*right-wing* conspiracies. They ended up implicating the CIA, the FBI, President Lyndon Johnson, and even the Warren Commission in both the killing itself and the imagined cover-up. For a political movement whose aim was an ever larger and more comprehensive welfare state, it was radically incoherent to teach people to distrust the government. In this sense, the American Left set the stage for the return of the party of limited government to political power.

But the roots of 1968 stretch back even farther. I had seen signs back in 1960, when I began graduate studies in the philosophy of religion at Harvard. At that time, most universities hewed closely to an ideology that was publicly described as liberal, pragmatic, realistic, and deliberately concentrated on the "descriptive," rather than the normative. Propositions deemed to be "normative" were assigned to a realm beyond the bounds of science, pragmatism, and practicality.

Students and faculty began to rebel against the kind of "political science" that depended almost solely on statistical surveys and mathematical equations—a discipline whose guiding principle seemed to be, "Unless you can put a number on it, it doesn't exist." Some professors rejected this thin gruel and led a recovery of the classical tradition of "political philosophy." The main carriers of this corrective initiative were the students of Leo Strauss ("the Straussians"—Allan Bloom, Walter Berns, Harvey Mansfield, Harry Jaffa, and many others) at the University of Chicago. They tried to think philosophically and critically about fundamental political principles, shining the light of centuries of Western wisdom on the subject. An associated movement was the renaissance of contemporary Thomistic studies, as represented by the very good quarterly at Notre Dame, *The Review of Politics*.

Yet the spirit of "just the facts" remained ascendant, and many students in the 1960s felt themselves choking in a miasma of materialism, logic, and technological regimentation. At the same time as the human element dwindled in their curricula, ever-increasing enrollment made their universities even more impersonal. Face-to-face contact with administrators was minimal. The most visible administrative communication arrived on computer cards marked: "Do not bend, fold, mutilate, or spindle." No one seemed interested in who the students were, or what their fears were. Almost no one spoke to their consciences. They were, they felt, not being awakened to larger questions, but processed; treated not as persons, but as things. Thus, the campus turmoil of the 1960s was not a reaction against professors and administrators who refused to change; it was a reaction against the dispiriting changes they *had* made. What looked like a student rebellion against tradition, history, and the humanistic wisdom of the past was actually an instinctual revolt against an arid professoriate given to impersonal, "objective," "descriptive" discourse of the sort found in directions for assembling office equipment. Students were often confused about where to find true wisdom and how to distinguish it from the passing academic fashions just beginning to appear, such as Paul de Man's "deconstructionism" and the nebulous concept of "postmodernism." When their classwork only deepened the confusion, they began to look elsewhere for answers.

THE MOVEMENT HITS THE STREETS

The San Francisco Bay area was an early hot spot of the youth revolution; many of the ugliest trends of the 1960s began there. The first thing that struck me when I arrived from the East Coast in 1965 was that "the movement" seemed divided into two wings, which I in amusement thought of as "contemplative orders" and "activist orders." In the streets one could already see lots of long beards on men wearing loose-fitting clothes and sandals, many of them with a kind of dreamy, meditative look on their otherwise hard faces. Many of the women had long, stringy hair and plain black or dark-colored dresses cinctured at their waists. The scent of marijuana was in the air, and in cafés, people whiled away the long afternoons sipping sangria.

On one level everything seemed safe enough, but not far below the surface was a mood of anger and menace. These folks were not just dissenting and dropping out; they were learning to hate the bourgeoisie that had bred them and the Establishment that looked down upon them.

As the anti-war movement grew, "flower children" began handing out daisies, irises, and other cheap cuttings to passers-by. Then came the peace medallions on black cords around the neck, tie-dyed T-shirts, arm tattoos, and peace posters in the windows. (My friends still tease me about the photograph on the back of my book *A Theology for Radical Politics*, which shows me in Boston in 1967 with long sideburns, a turtleneck, and beads—perhaps the first such costume seen or to appear in the Hub of the Universe. Those who saw it thought, not admiringly, that I had "gone California.") San Francisco, like other cities, saw burnings of draft cards in front of cheering, menacing crowds of young people. Becoming more common in 1968 and especially 1969 were large "peace marches," with plenty of noise on some occasions and a double-meaning silence on others—half flower-childish gesture, half "revolution" and "power to the people." On occasion these degenerated into clashes with police in riot gear, who sometimes fought back with tear gas.

Three important dynamos of energy developed out of this subculture. First were the concerted efforts at learning how to "organize," "mobilize," and stage "happenings" and "street theater" in order to "radicalize" new recruits. These efforts became steadily more thuggish and violent over the years, as organizers learned how intimidating the mere threat of violence could be, especially on college campuses led by "reasonable," peace-preferring, conflict-avoiding deans and presidents, mostly liberal Protestants. Confronted with loud expressions of anger and the possibility of mayhem, such rational liberals in positions of authority preferred negotiation, which inevitably meant surrender. This habit won them, not respect, but heightened contempt. "Up against the wall, m-----f----r!" became an acting-out of male bravado and aggression toward authorities who had previously made young men afraid.

Second was the rebirth of feminism. The first women to join the revolution were expected to let themselves be bedded with little ceremony, to act as secretaries at meetings where men presided, to cook, and otherwise to be subservient. At first, some women took well to the open eroticism, free love, and sexual exploration to which they were introduced. But soon anger set in, and many radical women began to lash out at "male chauvinist pigs," "troglodytes," and "oppressors." Like college presidents confronted by protesters, delicate left-wing males soon learned to give in to whatever outlandish demands were made upon them by feminists. In some cases, feminist "consciousness raising" led to experiments in lesbianism and the outright rejection of men.

Third was a flirtation with what we would now call terrorism, along with talk of open warfare against the "pigs"—local police and even (as at Kent State) the National Guard. Bombings of electrical towers, ROTC buildings, scientific laboratories, and other vulnerable targets began to occur—most shockingly, at the Capitol Building, the Pentagon, and a major New York City police station. For a while the radicals got away with their experiments in violence, and because of this, it took the young an unusually long time to understand that the City of Man, as St. Augustine pointed out long ago, is built on the power to put down insurrection and impose the peace. Such honest thinking about the civilizing uses of force had always been difficult for a liberal-Protestant nation to absorb, and the new radicals had to learn the hard way about their weakness in the face of determined state power. More than one writer observed at the time that radicals almost never tried violence against conservative authority figures, who were unashamed of the legitimate use of force. They saved their wrath for liberals—and sometimes their own parents (who had been so generous to them).

SECOND THOUGHTS AND AFTEREFFECTS

The "morning after" of the 1960s began while night was still falling, with educations prematurely ruptured to the detriment of later careers, ugly breaks from parents and families, precipitately dissolved relationships with close friends, lovers, or spouses, imprisonments that broke spirits, and simply the "lostness" of having wandered away from one's old life without moral gyroscopes and traditional networks of meaning. This last was indeed an ironic end to the "search for meaning" that lay at the heart of so many rationalizations for joining the "revolution."

But there was also another rationalization, at least among the males. Since we might soon be dying in the jungles of Vietnam, they thought, why not take wild risks at home? Young men experimented with dangerous drugs, took reckless motorcycle drives, drank prodigiously, taunted officers of the law, made occasional forays into criminality (in protest against the evils of the regime, of course), and thus jeopardized any chance they may have had of a life regulated by self-government. A great many perished along the way, and even those who survived inflicted much heartbreak on those closest to them. "Existential decisions" was a term one heard often in those days. Young men had a sense of holding their life in their hands and casting a fateful die. The iconic movie of the time was *Bonnie and Clyde*.

On questions like these, the yawning gap in the education offered by the universities of that time amounted to an administrative and professorial betrayal. The excessive esteem that academic authorities lavished on "science" and "pragmatism" and "technocracy," combined with their forgetfulness of the deeper wisdom of the ancients, reflected post-war hubris. Their training and experience had left them utterly incompetent in making convincing moral arguments for the way they lived, conducted their affairs, and shaped the culture of the university. They simply were not accustomed to thinking in such terms. Against accusations from discontented students, they could not defend themselves even to their own satisfaction. That is why they gave in so easily at moments of confrontation.

It cannot be denied that some of the poisonous ideas that today dominate the Left have their origins in the 1960s. Moreover, the lockstep in which many on the left prefer to march, isolated from other points of view, has made them particularly vulnerable to unworkable ideas, and positively allergic to those discomfiting facts that would show that their fundamental narratives—especially those about economics, politics, and culture—are ill-matched to human nature and history.

In a delicious irony, this lack of realism in the cultural revolution of the 1960s led, by reaction, to the birth of what is now called in politics and economics "the center Right." It also led to a deepened appreciation for the wisdom of our ancestors, and for modes of philosophical and moral thinking that complement what we know from science. Science makes a marvelous servant of humanity, but a very poor master.

In short, the inadequacies of the energetic and once-promising 1960s have triggered a renewed pursuit of that well-ordered human City our forebears named Sophia, "wisdom." It is a City well aware of human sin and weakness, of tragedy and irony, and of the perennial case, *Humility* v. *Hubris*. **NR**

ROB LONG

Ask Michelle Obama™

United Feature Syndicate

DEAR MICHELLE:
I'm planning a small wedding for my daughter, and I'm wondering, what's a low-cost appetizer to serve at the reception? —MOTHER OF THE BRIDE IN MONROEVILLE

DEAR MOTHER:
Firstly, let me tell you that both Barack and I understand your bitterness. It's clear from your letter that you're the sort of person who has been left out, ignored, and disempowered by the past eight years, and by the changing global economy we all face. Have you thought about having your caterer do some little grilled scallops on rosemary skewers? We like them with a dry German Riesling—or really any dry white wine. Barack and I tend to prefer dry to very dry white wines, although we understand why people who feel angry and left out like their White Zinfandel.

DEAR MICHELLE:
While my husband was on a recent hunting trip, a work friend of his came over to the house to help me get the garage door back on its track, and, well, one thing led to another and I strayed from my wedding vows. I don't want to leave my husband and I don't want to hurt him—it was a one-time thing and it will never happen again. I've prayed a lot over this. My question is, should I tell him or just let it be? —CONFUSED IN CARNEGIE

DEAR CONFUSED:
It's natural, of course, for a man like your husband—seething with class hatred and economic impotence—to cling to guns and violence as a way of reclaiming the (outdated) sense of manhood he lost during the Bush administration. It's totally understandable, really, that he collects guns and (I'm making an educated guess here) beats the stuffing out of you on a pretty regular basis, like most men who hunt and own guns. And I'm sympathetic to your desire to grasp desperately at the concept of a "creator" or "supreme deity" to "pray" to—really, in any other context I'd probably find it all harmless and charming, but right now the most important thing is for you to get out of that house and out of that abusive relationship with your gun-crazy (though totally understandably so) husband and connect with a women's advocacy group in your area that has meetings on Sundays, which I hope from now on will be "you" days and not, you know, Whoever's.

DEAR MICHELLE:
I'm having a friendly argument with my sister about when it's best to water your outdoor plants. I say at night. She says nighttime watering leads to fungal growth on the plant, and says that mornings are the only right time. What do you say? —GREEN THUMB IN YORK

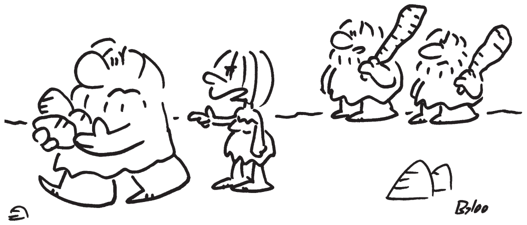
DEAR GREEN THUMB:
My heart broke when I read your letter, and I felt all of the anger and frustration you must be experiencing in your sad little life. It's such a tragedy that it's come to this in America—and please, no one reading this could possibly blame you for your obvious clinical depression. The frantic gardening as you attempt to master your immediate environment so clearly reflects your sense—and, I suspect, the sense of the other people in your $23,000-a-year tax bracket—that events are moving beyond your control, that powerful and better-educated people are making powerful and better-educated decisions about you and your life and your family. Seriously, water your plants whenever you want to. It'll be a small, trivial thing that you can control, and that will make you happy. Well, that will make you think you're happy, but I know better.

DEAR MICHELLE:
My wife and I are trying to decide the appropriate age for our daughter to be allowed to go on "dates" with boys. Right now, she and her friends—some boys, some girls—go out as a "group" to movies and things, and this seems like a good arrangement to us. But our daughter keeps complaining that we're being too protective. What's your take?
—PROTECTIVE IN PITTSBURGH

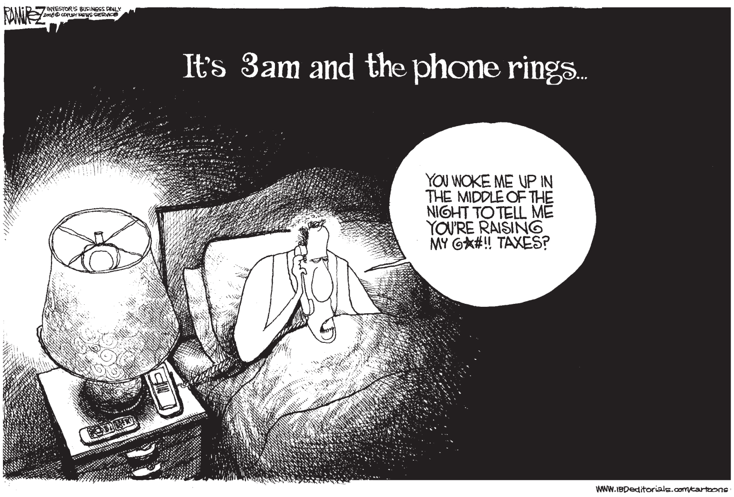
DEAR PROTECTIVE:
Let's talk about why you and your wife are (it's a safe bet, I'm sure) so morbidly obese. It's because you keep making uninformed choices about what to eat and when, because—bless you—you can't seem to stop snacking between meals, and when you do sit down to eat, the television is (I'm certain) on and the food itself is blandly seasoned and extremely fatty. Why is this? Because you're both so completely and utterly defeated by life and by your circumstances that neither one of you can push the potatoes (I'm guessing) au gratin (from a box, natch) away long enough to take stock of just how little you actually have. And if you could bestir your lumbering frames up and out of the (doubtless) domestic gas-guzzling SUV and squeeze your rippling, shaking girth into a voting booth (they come in extra-large, I'm pretty sure) and cast your adult-onset-diabetic vote for Barack Obama in the Pennsylvania primary, then maybe we'd all have something to be proud of this country for. Something other than Big Gulp soft drinks, super-size fries, heart disease, and childhood obesity. I mean, no offense.

Got a question for
Michelle Obama? Email her at
michelleo@jd.harvard.edu.

HELP!!!!



“Poor Oog—his wife invented imperative verbs.”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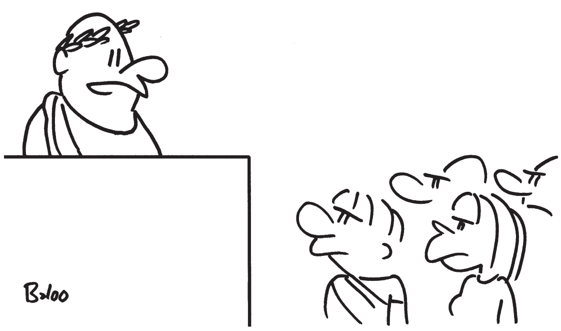
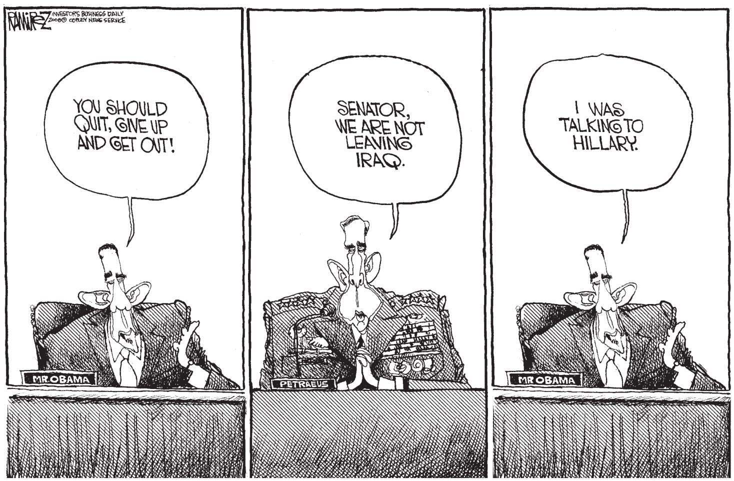


“I know how you all feel, but the illegal barbarians are essential to the Roman economy.”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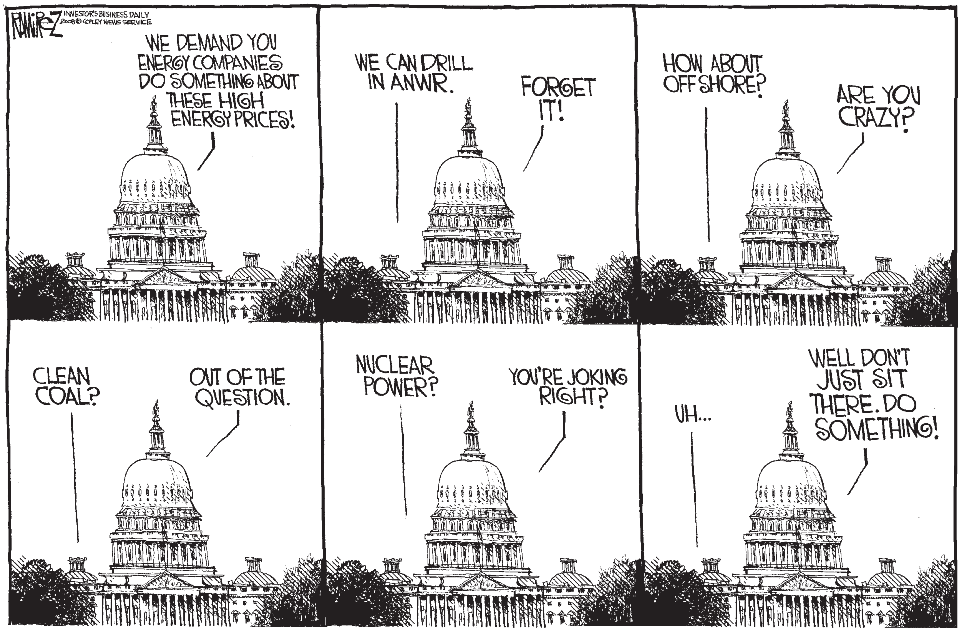
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Catch the Burning Flag: Speeches and Random Observations

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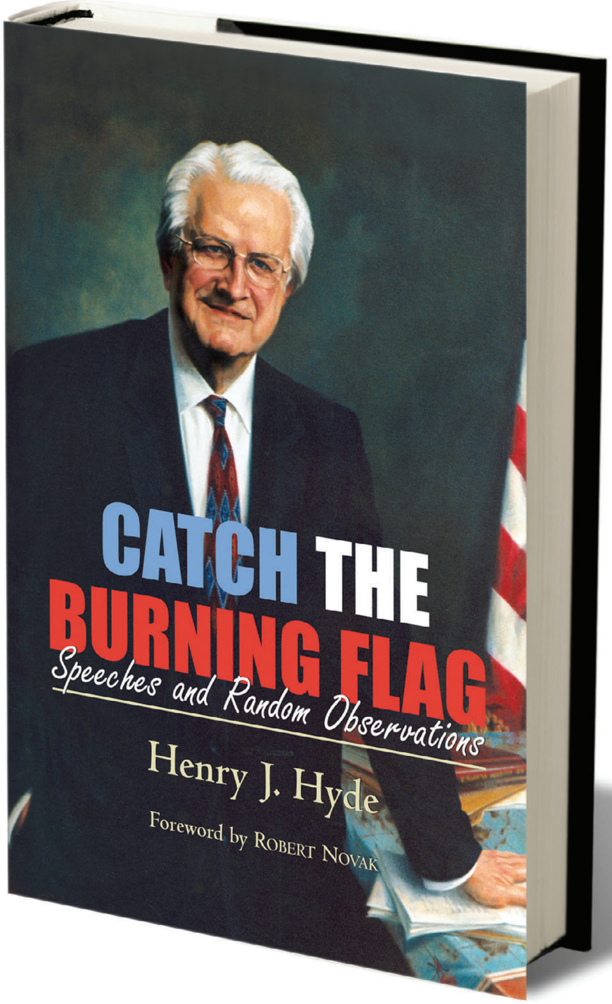

Robert Novak, syndicated columnist (from his Foreword): These speeches reflect a rare combination of eloquence and erudition, and something more. In an age of increasing specialization on Capitol Hill, Henry Hyde was the Renaissance man there. Readers of this book must be impressed by the breadth and variety of his expertise. Considering the liberal assault on Hyde as a Catholic extremist who keeps poor women from abortions and persecuted Bill Clinton, the tone here may come as a surprise to some. These selections are free of Republican partisanship and remarkably non-ideological.

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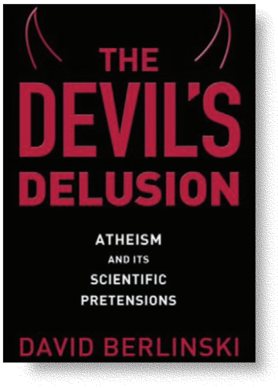

The Devil's Delusion: Atheism and Its Scientific Pretensions, by David Berlinski (Crown Forum, 256 pp., $23.95)

GEORGE GILDER

David Berlinski's new book describes the remarkable extent to which the dominant religion of the intelligentsia is now "science." This new religion—which is based on atheism and materialism—is actually better termed "scientism," since its religious claims far overreach its scientific content.

Scientism reflects the tendency of scientists to become what Ortega y Gasset called "barbarians of specialization." Knowing much about one thing gives them confidence to pontificate about other subjects to which their expertise is irrelevant, or to inflate their own little patches of expertise into "grand unified theories." Knowing more and more about less and less, they finally rise into the nation's TV-empyrean, chattering vacuously about anything and everything. George Clooney or Carl Sagan, Al Gore or James Watson—actors, politicians, scientists—who can tell them apart, in their common babble of moral relativism and anti-capitalist eschatology?

Their shallow ideology is the target of Berlinski's book. A Princeton Ph.D., secular Jew, and former fellow at the Institute des Hautes Etudes Scientifiques in France, Berlinski—now affiliated with the Discovery Institute, which I co-founded—commands a range of scientific disciplines and philosophical skills that project him well beyond the camp of Ortega's barbarians. The polymathic author of several scintillating books on mathematics and logic, he in recent years has written a series of incandescent essays on biology, physics, psychology, and mathematics in *Commentary* magazine that have evoked an overflow of dumbfounded responses in its letters pages (Berlinski's replies are feloniously lethal).

The Devil's Delusion is an incendiary and uproarious work of learned polemical writing, unique in its scientific sophistication and authority. Rather than criticizing science from the outside, Berlinski excoriates its atheist pretensions from within. Refusing to defer to scientistic credentialism, he makes the compelling argument that the anti-God fetish of modern science has driven many scientists into a mad nihilism that has crippled their scientific work as well.

Detailing the horrendous record of massacres committed by aggressive atheists during the 20th century, Berlinski observes "what anyone capable of reading the German sources already knew: A sinister current of influence ran from Darwin's theory of evolution to Hitler's policy of extermination." An implicit argument underlies all these horrors. A: "If God does not exist, then everything is permitted." B: "If science is true, then God does not exist." C: "If science is true, then everything is permitted." As Berlinski shows, these propositions led predictably (Dostoevsky and Nietzsche predicted it, after all) to the Holocaust.

By contrast, as Berlinski notes, Christopher Hitchens (*God Is Not Great*) seems to blame Hitler's excesses chiefly on the Vatican, and Sam Harris (*Letter to a Christian Nation*) comes close to blaming them on the Jews: Harris points to "their refusal to assimilate [and] their religious culture [which is] as intrinsically divisive . . . and at odds with the civilizing insights of modernity as any other religion." To Sam Harris in Santa Barbara, "civilizing insights of modernity" are evident on the palmy beaches, in the local theaters and cafés, and in a sweet scent of enlightenment pervading the balmy air, but Berlinski reasonably wonders whether men who use atheism to extenuate anti-Semitism can serve as a tenable guide to civilizing influences anywhere.

After demonstrating the moral obtuseness of atheist science, *The Devil's Delusion* goes on to castigate its crippling limitations even as a means of explaining physical reality. Ignoring the hierarchical structure of the universe, with the concept preceding the concrete, the algorithm preceding the computer, the DNA word preceding the flesh, and theory preceding experiment, science has blinded itself to the indispensable role of faith in all forms of knowledge. In Berlinski's view, there is a crucial point of convergence between moral laws and physical laws: "In both cases we do not know why the laws are true but we can sense that the question hides a profound mystery." Science, as Berlinski avers, is "everywhere saturated with faith."

The faith that is necessary to coherent scientific work, however, is debauched by a complacent atheism, which distracts science from the reality of its own necessary religious and hierarchical assumptions. Science does not harbor the slightest idea of "how the ordered physical, moral, mental, aesthetic, social world in which [we] live could have ever arisen from the seething anarchy of the world of particle physics." The so-called "standard model" seems to supply "as many elementary particles as there is funding to find them" while offering scant support for the reductionist assumption that the world is best understood by atomization into its smallest possible parts.

Beyond reductionism, science offers at least seven mostly incompatible theories of reality: quantum theory, focused on subatomic elements; relativity theory, spanning the universe; string theory, seeking a grand unification in multidimensional infinitesimals; thermodynamics,

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Mr. Gilder is chairman of the Gilder/Forbes Telecosm Conference (May 27–29). His most recent book, *The Silicon Eye*, was a finalist for the Royal Society's Aventis Prize for science.

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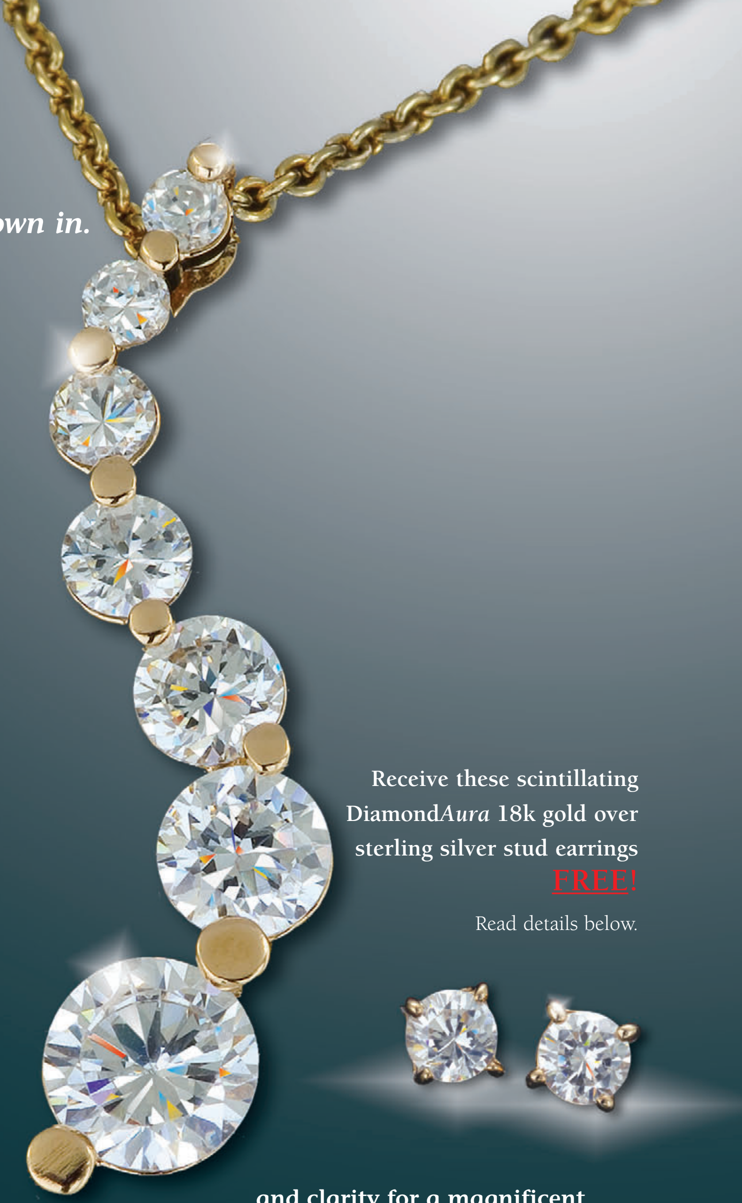

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with its arrow of time and slope of entropic decline; evolution, in its grand, bottom-up materialist ascent; molecular biology, with its top-down DNA codes; and the macro-quantum concept of entanglement, which links quantum entities across the cosmos beyond conventional time and space. Each theory offers stunning insights into some limited domain but fails to fit with the neighboring regimes.

Eroding the coherence of the entire set is the self-defeating character of the underlying materialism: a theory that denies the significance of theories and theorists. Readily refuting itself is the idea that ideas are mere epiphenomena of physical systems (brains) evolving from random processes.

All the incompatible physical systems of modern science ultimately repose on a foundation of mathematical logic. Finally making a hash of all atheist materialism, therefore, is the paramount mathematical finding of the 20th century: the inexorable Gödelian incompleteness of mathematics. As Kurt Gödel, Alan Turing, Alonzo Church, and Gregory Chaitin have proven, mathematical logic, whether expressed in computer algorithms or in differential equations, finally relies on premises beyond itself. In other words, faith is critical to mathematics and computer logic, which are themselves abstract conceptual schemes not in any way reducible to materialist dogma.

Apparently to distract attention from this baffling paradox of atheism, scientists have clutched at a set of laughable chimeras. Richard Dawkins, for example, accepts the idea of a “megaverse,” a stupendous “Landscape” of infinitely parallel universes that explain away the absurd improbabilities of Darwinian materialism by the assumption that our own universe is only one of an infinite array. As physicist Leonard Susskind puts it, with a straight face: “Physicists and cosmologists are coming to see our 10 billion light years as an infinitesimal pocket of a stupendous megaverse.” As Nobel laureate Steven Weinberg sums up the argument, in a transparent tautology preening as science, “Any scientists who study nature must live in a part of the landscape where physical parameters take values suitable for the appearance of life and its evolution into scientists.” Other physical parameters are presumed to hold in other universes that don’t harbor life.

Totally free of evidence, logic, empirical support, and common sense, this stupendous circularity is called the Anthropic Principle and is touted as an explanation of the universe superior to the idea of God. As Dawkins puts it, “Better many worlds than one god.” Berlinski concludes that Dawkins’s favored “Landscape and the Anthropic Principle represent the moral relativism of physical thought.”

Lest the infiniversical “Landscape” fail to convince, however, Dawkins ends with what he calls the “ultimate Boeing 747 gambit.” Berlinski explains both the take-off and the crash:

> The appeal to a Boeing 747 is meant to evoke a lighthearted quip attributed to the astrophysicist Fred Hoyle. The spontaneous emergence of life on earth, Hoyle observed, is about as likely as a tornado sweeping through a junkyard and assembling a Boeing 747 out of the debris. Although an atheist, Hoyle was skeptical about Darwin’s theory of evolution. . . . Since the junkyard expresses with rare economy precisely the odds [opposing] the spontaneous appearance of life—they are remarkably prohibitive on virtually every calculation—it has been an irritation to Dawkins ever since its appearance. But Dawkins affirms, if a tornado cannot do the job of creating life, then God cannot do the job of creating the Universe. . . . The ultimate 747 gambit, Dawkins writes, “comes close to proving that God does not exist.” Got that?

How do such absurd circularities come to be believed or respected by serious people? Berlinski concludes that “the willingness of physical scientists to explore such strategies in thought might suggest to a perceptive psychoanalyst a desire not so much to discover a new idea as to avoid an old one.” But the idea of a God in a hierarchical universe is essential to coherent thought or uplifting culture of any kind. A culture that does not aspire to the divine becomes obsessed with the fascination of evil, reveling in the frivolous, the depraved, and the bestial. Without a sense of the transcendent, science ends up pursuing reductionist trivia, from the next particle or dimension of string to ever more abstruse arguments for the animality of man and the pointlessness of the universe.

The scientific community remains oblivious to these problems chiefly because of its insularity and defensiveness, protected by a trumpery of “peer review” and immunity to outside criticism. “Science claims to need no criticism because it is

HEAVEN’S NEIGHBORS

After Victor Hugo

Death and Beauty, see how these goddesses cast
  So much light and shade, a sage might say
They were sisters, both bountiful, frightful, vast,
  Guarding the same enigma and mystery.

O ladies, dark and fair, sing, dance and be
  Brilliant now, hypnotize me, make the most
Of love! For I am dying. O pearls of the sea,
  Luminous birds of the melancholy coast . . .

Judith, who would have dreamed our destinies
  Could ever draw us together—and you so young?
Your eyes are the blue of some divine abyss

While mine show a starry chasm, moonless and cold.
  We shall be Heaven’s neighbors just as long
As you are beautiful, and I am old.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

supremely self-critical," Berlinski writes. "A system so conceived always works to the satisfaction of those who have conceived it."

The public has tended to go along with this because of modern science's alleged relation to engineering and technology. So let us return to that 747. Dawkins and his ally Daniel Dennett both declare, in the spirit of the common claim of "no atheists in foxholes," that there are no devout believers on airplanes. Anyone undertaking a journey by air, they say, is staking his life on the validity and reliability of modern science. Few travelers indeed would find solace if, glancing into the cockpit as they boarded their plane, they saw the pilot praying rather than scrutinizing his instruments.

Because they are based on top-down engineering and intelligent design, however, the sciences that enable modern flight have nothing in common with the atheist materialism and moral relativism that Dawkins and Dennett uphold. Navier-Stokes flow equations, advanced materials science, solid-state physics, molecular chemistry, and computer design, among a host of real scientific disciplines, are expressions not of bottom-up random processes but of hierarchical planning in which the ideas and schematics precede their physical embodiment. Through most of the history of science, from Michael Faraday to Enrico Fermi, its protagonists were masters of the technology of their day. They built the apparatus that tested their concepts and embodied their theories. Science and engineering were cognate disciplines.

Beginning with Einstein, however, scientists reached for a new role as free-floating philosophical gurus and theological prophets. Only Einstein himself and Richard Feynman were at all capable of fulfilling this mission. Seeking grand theories, essentially theologies, that could unify all the conflicting schemes of physical science, even Einstein and Feynman came to recognize the futility of their quest. But their successors continued the search in ever diminishing circles of tautology, arriving in the end at Darwinian loops of survival of the fittest as an all-embracing explanation. Reifying mathematics and pushing its equations to extremes that could not be sustained in a Gödelian universe, grand scientific theories lost all contact with the foundations of engineering reality.

The Devil's Delusion is a promethean work that clears away this debris of modern science and culture. It liberates conservatism from its thralldom to a spurious scientism and establishes the foundations for a realignment with real scientists, among whom there are many potential friends. Bill Buckley, in his final days, declared: "Berlinski's book is everything desirable; it is idiomatic, profound, brilliantly polemical, amusing, and of course vastly learned. I congratulate him." Buckley was right, as usual. It is the definitive book of the new millennium. **NR**

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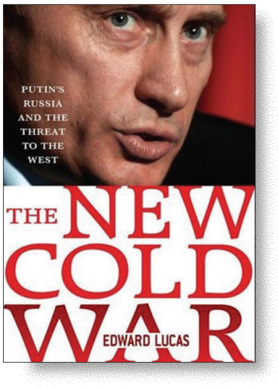

The New Cold War: Putin's Russia and the Threat to the West, by Edward Lucas (Palgrave Macmillan, 261 pp., $26.95)

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

It's not just the fact that Edward Lucas is a quietly proud, quietly amused holder of Lithuania's Order of Gediminas (Fifth Class) that distinguishes him from many other non-native (he's English) commentators on Eastern Europe; it's also the depth of his interest in, and sympathy for, this long-contested stretch of territory's cultures and peoples, an interest and a sympathy that resonate throughout this fine, timely, and thought-provoking new book. It's an interest he has pursued at first hand. Lucas (whom—full disclosure—I've known for more than 20 years) spent time in Poland as a student, and has been covering the region as a journalist since the late 1980s in a career that has included stints in Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Tallinn, Vilnius, and Moscow. He is now the Central and East European correspondent for *The Economist*.

It's his sympathy for the nations once trapped behind the Iron Curtain, and his grasp of their struggles—past, present, and, quite possibly, future—that now lead him to warn of the danger that a revived Russia might represent not only to their independence but also, for that matter, to the West. To be sure, *The New Cold War* is, as its title reveals, a polemic. Obviously sensitive to accusations of hyperbole, Lucas takes care to stress that today's threat is subtler than in the days of a divided continent and Mutually Assured Destruction. Nevertheless he's out to alarm. He describes a Russia now run by, and for, its security services, a power once again on the prowl beyond its borders. Domestically it has, he shows, reverted to a form of authoritarianism, albeit one that, Lucas readily concedes, allows far more leeway than in the grim, gray, grinding Soviet past: "Never in Russian history have so many Russians lived so well and so freely."

This is not an unfamiliar tale (news coverage of Putin's rule has been more critical than Lucas sometimes appears to think), but here it's recounted with fluency, authority, and an eye for detail that, even in this book's lighter moments (of which there are a respectable number; he is a dryly amusing writer), betray its author's long experience of the ramshackle, turbulent, and bewildering space that is all that remains of the utopia that never was:

> I went to visit a new [Georgian] finance minister . . . who was being energetically promoted by the ever-optimistic American embassy. His office was bright, modern, and computerized. We had an enjoyable chat about e-government and zero-based budgeting. . . . As I left, I used an old journalist's trick and asked to use the restroom, saying that I would find my way out. Not only was the toilet worse than a midden, but my detour to some of the other offices produced a much more convincing picture: a warren of ill-lit and dingy offices, each filled with rickety wooden furniture. Dumpy little men in ill-fitting brown suits were engaged in chain-smoking conversation with thickset men in leather jackets. Not a computer was in sight.

Clearly Lucas retains an unromantic, often skeptical view of the states that stumbled, lurched, and strode into the murky post-Soviet dawn. He's often their cheerleader, but he'll heckle too. Equally, his view of Russia is more balanced than his book's title might suggest. After witnessing the chaos, violent criminality, and, for many, penury of the Yeltsin era, he can appreciate the attraction of the (partially) restored order and increasing prosperity associated with Putin, if not their political consequences. It's telling that mounting suspicions (in Lucas's view, "the weight of evidence so far supports the grimmest interpretation") that the security services were behind the "terrorist" apartment bombings that helped pave the way for Putin's election in 2000 have done little to dent his popularity: Russians have been prepared to pay dearly for the hope that the trains might someday run on time.

This is yet another reminder that the benign "universal" values (liberty, democracy, and so on) so cherished by Lucas are far from being universal priorities. Freedom may be important to Russians but it has demonstrably mattered less than the restoration of stability, and, probably, the desire that their country be, once again, a force to be reckoned with. But if nationalism can function as a valuable social glue, it can also gum things up. Adopting an increasingly rancid notion of the national interest may play well at home, but it has proved to be better theater than policy, and it's leading Russia in a direction that is not just destructive, but self-destructive. Bullying small neighbors is one thing (it's an example of *derzhavnichestvo*, something that great powers just tend to do—and get away with), but Putin's diplomacy has often appeared to put petulance before realpolitik. Aiding the Iranian theocracy may be an enjoyable way to taunt the West, but it makes little strategic sense for a country with mounting Islamist problems of its own. As for Putin's embrace of China, Lucas approvingly quotes a Russian observer who despairingly, and reasonably, depicts such a partnership (presumably designed to act as a counterweight to those wicked Americans) as "an alliance between [Russian] rabbit and [Chinese] boa constrictor."

Similarly, there is clear evidence, repeated by Lucas, that increasing meddling (to use a mild term) by the Kremlin has held back economic development. Times have been good but they could have been better. Investment has been deterred, delayed, or distorted. The high price Russia now receives for its oil and gas has been a godsend, but the resulting bonanza has both encouraged and financed the damage that an ever more assertive state is inflicting upon a still fledgling free market. Despite this, the prospects of rich pickings from Russia's

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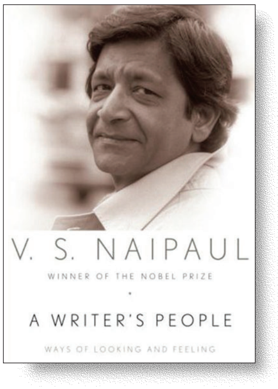
Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW ONLINE.

petro-economy not only have, as Lucas demonstrates in some of the most unsettling sections of his book, dampened Western criticism of Putin's rule, but also look likely to set in motion a process that will leave Europe unhealthily dependent on Russian energy resources. To Lucas, "the growing [Western] business lobby tied to Russia represents a powerful fifth column of a kind unseen during the last Cold War. Once it was Communist trade unions that undermined the West at the Kremlin's behest. Now it is pro-Kremlin bankers and politicians who betray their countries for 30 silver rubles."

That's a tirade too far, but it inevitably brings to mind Lenin's best, if apocryphal, jibe: the one about rope, revolutionaries, capitalists, and selling. It's a comparison that would gain added resonance were Lucas able to prove his contention that there is, once again, an ideological element to Moscow's rivalry with the West. I'm not convinced that he is. To be sure, some of Putin's more intellectually enterprising acolytes have managed to cobble together a doctrine of sorts, a haphazard jumble of grandiloquent, nostalgic nonsense that goes by the name of "sovereign democracy," but nobody appears to take it terribly seriously. Nor should they. Russia has some traditions of government that are, mercifully, all its own, but these days they are, mercifully, no longer for export. There is no ideology behind Russia's current maneuverings abroad, merely an old-fashioned pursuit of power, influence, and wealth—legitimate aims for any nation, great or small, flawed in this case by a profound misunderstanding of where its people's best interests really lie.

But if the Kremlin is to play these games, so must we. Lucas concludes his book with some recommendations as to how to shove back. Some are sensible (focus on energy security), some naïve (would Russia really care, or even notice, if it were suspended from the Council of Europe's parliamentary assembly?), and some unnecessarily antagonistic (Georgia in NATO?). The first stage in any effective response, however, is a realistic understanding of what Russia is up to. This bracing, dismaying book doesn't tell the full story (in particular, there's not enough discussion of the extent to which Russia's ambitions are both hobbled and inspired by its weakness), but it's an excellent place to start. **NR**

An Original Voice



A Writer's People: Ways of Looking and Feeling, by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf, 208 pp., $24.95)

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THE career of V. S. Naipaul is a marvel. Born in Trinidad into a family originally from India—poor people from a poor background—he might have spent his life unknown and unsung in the margins of the Third World. Instead he has made himself into a writer and artist recognized internationally for his insights into the human condition.

Of course he had a vocation, but he still had to develop the means necessary to express it. A lifelong endeavor, this has been a matter of asking questions about the nature of everything that he could observe, from small domestic details to wider issues of race and gender, and finally to the historic movements that define culture and civilization. Ever since the Age of Enlightenment, intellect and reason have been the tools enabling the individual to find himself and his rightful place in the world. To learn about oneself is also to learn about others. Anyone and everyone who makes full and proper use of the mind can become a free spirit like Naipaul, no matter where he began or who he might be: That is the great and liberating example he has set.

A Writer's People is a late step on his journey of self-discovery. Here is an autobiography of sorts, recording individuals and moments that have left their impression on Naipaul. It is also literary criticism of a sort, picking out a few of the writers and books that influenced him. Naipaul makes no claim to be giving a complete account of himself or his life, yet this book is such a work of art, its writing so consummate while also so subtle and allusive, that the reader acquires a warm sense of Naipaul and how he came to his understanding of himself and the world we live in.

In Trinidad, the people he grew up with had been shaken loose from their Indian or Hindu heritage, with no very clear idea of what had been lost or whether anything significant had been gained. Seemingly nothing much could be made of an existence like theirs. Naipaul's own father was an exception, trying to write fiction out of the local material. Though published, these short stories of his lacked authenticity because they mistakenly imitated the model available in English magazines of the period, trick endings and all. Naipaul also picks out the moment when a man was fetched from India to make mattresses for the family, and how this man had no observations to make about himself or India. His own mother, Naipaul says, never read a word he wrote, taking it all on trust. Later on, he was to come across the memoirs of an Indian who had been shipped to Surinam rather in the manner of the Naipauls in Trinidad, but who could render his experience only as destiny, or a kind of wonder. Spiritual or mental poverty was the cause of the repetitive emptiness and loss inherent in all such encounters and exchanges.

A surprise is the amount of attention devoted in these pages to classical authors including Cicero, Julius Caesar, Polybius, and Virgil. Apparently the school that prepared Naipaul for the scholarship he won at Oxford also taught him Latin (in which case Trinidad cannot have been quite the forlorn dot on the map that he makes it out to have been). The purpose of these brief but brilliant glosses on the classics is to show that there is a constant in how human beings interpret the world: Even the most intelligent Romans saw only what they wanted to see, failing to recognize that there were things they did not, or could not, see. He makes the same point in an even more brief and brilliant passage about Gustave Flaubert, a wonderful

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Wed./Nov. 12	St. Thomas, USVI	8:00AM	5:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Thu./Nov. 13	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night smoker
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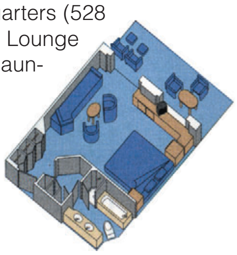

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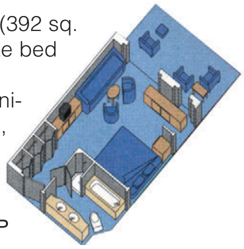

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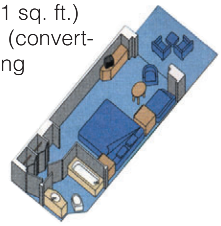

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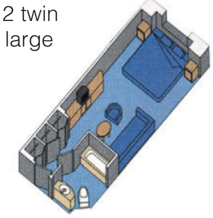

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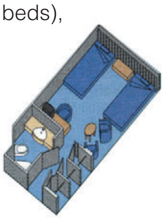

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writer when drawing directly on experience, but hopelessly artificial about what he did not know and was obliged to invent.

After his university years at Oxford, Naipaul moved to London and worked on a BBC program called *Caribbean Voices*. There he discovered the early poems of his contemporary Derek Walcott, later to win the Nobel Prize like Naipaul himself. Like Naipaul, too, Walcott came from a small island in the West Indies, in his case St. Lucia. Race is the subject dominating Walcott's writing, and he has criticized severely Naipaul's rejection of its importance, accusing him of "fouling his nest" and mocking him as V. S. Nightfall. In contrast, here Naipaul generously pays tribute to him for opening his eyes to themes and images of the West Indies and the Third World, from which he was beginning to make something literary of his own.

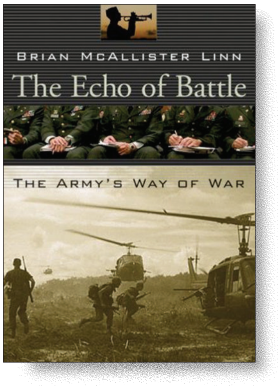
> **Naipaul moves easily from the particular to the universal—and stresses the responsibility of each individual for himself.**

I well remember the impact of Naipaul's presence in London. The moment he began to publish, word spread that a new and original talent had arrived. His early novels, with seemingly exotic West Indian settings, were masterpieces of comedy, and his reviews for the weekly *New Statesman* gave him a critical platform as well. I tried to get him to write for the *Spectator*, the rival weekly. One of those who took him up was Anthony Powell. Then in the midst of his would-be Proustian sequence of novels, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Powell rated himself a most important writer, and—because he wrote regular reviews in the *Daily Telegraph*—also the arbiter of literary taste. Naipaul makes the point that Powell, like the classical Latin authors or Flaubert, had no idea of all the things he couldn't see, and couldn't compensate by making anything up either. Powell's experience was so narrow and his imagination so non-existent that his reputation has hardly survived his death. There was a jealous streak in Powell, and he probably received more from Naipaul's friendship than he ever gave.

India was the subject that first put Naipaul's imagination and talent to an extended test. His books about India are extraordinary depictions of public event and private reaction, of observation and analysis. Sometimes Naipaul has foreseen great things for the subcontinent, and sometimes he has shuddered. Here he sketches the story of Gandhi, a story of self-discovery every bit as astonishing as his own: It was a complicated journey, in the course of which Gandhi created his own idea of spirituality not from things Indian but from borrowings from others as wide apart culturally as Ruskin and Tolstoy. If Gandhi had not spent 20 years in South Africa and become conscious there of the issue of race, perhaps the path to Indian independence might have been different. In a closing passage, Naipaul seems almost to be measuring himself against another famous figure, Nirad Chaudhuri, author of the epic *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*. That is indeed a great book, Naipaul concedes, but flawed by Chaudhuri's inability to see the importance of the nationalist movement. "India has no autonomous intellectual life" is a sudden, typically Naipaulian snap right at the end of this book.

The spirit of comedy has long since vanished from Naipaul's writing. In the course of extensive travels in Muslim countries, South America, and Africa, he has reported on the steady grinding down of the old world of custom and its replacement by a modernity that is no better, having nothing to do with culture or civilization. How easily he moves from the particular to the universal! What a stress he puts on the responsibility of each individual for himself! To be calling for cultivation of the mind in increasingly mindless circumstances makes Naipaul seem a lonely and embattled conservative, resented all the more because his vision so obviously derives from experience, and is therefore irrefutable. *A Writer's People* is too personal, perhaps too arbitrary, to be popular, but discriminating people, I think, will judge it as wise, the work of a man looking back at a long experience of restlessness and questioning, and coming peacefully to terms with it. **NR**

Fighting Right



The Echo of Battle: The Army's Way of War, by Brian McAllister Linn (Harvard, 320 pp., $27.95)

MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS

THE idea of an "American way of war" gained currency in 1973 with the publication of Russell Weigley's book of the same name, which contended that wartime experiences had generated a distinctly American "strategic culture." For Weigley, U.S. military policy, strategy, and doctrine had been forged in the crucible of combat, as practiced by the likes of Washington, Lee, Grant, Pershing, MacArthur, and Curtis LeMay.

In his important new book, *The Echo of Battle*, Brian McAllister Linn, professor of history at Texas A&M, takes issue with the idea that "ways of warfare" arise primarily from the experience of war itself. He argues instead that the concepts of war that have shaped the American military experience are less the result of actual combat than of ideas that have arisen during long periods of peace. Thus, when it comes to the way Americans have thought about war, "military intellectuals" such as Joseph Totten, Emory Upton, and Donn Starry have played a more important role in estab-

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lishing an American way of war than practitioners such as Grant or MacArthur.

Looking specifically at the U.S. Army, Linn argues that for two centuries the American defense debate has been shaped by three intellectual constructs of warfare. While they have evolved over time, their underlying assumptions and concepts have remained remarkably consistent: "Like a braid, each strand will, for a time, be visible on the surface and at other times will disappear, only to emerge farther down the braid. At times, the strands are so closely knit as to be indistinguishable; at other times they practically pull apart."

Linn calls proponents of the oldest Army school of thought the Guardians. This tradition, which manifests itself today in concerns about homeland security and ballistic missile defense, is best understood as an engineering approach to war. For the Guardians, war was and is both an art and a science, "the former consisting largely of the application of the latter." The Guardians have reduced war to scientific laws and principles, which if applied properly allow practitioners to anticipate and predict the outcome of conflict.

The earliest manifestation of the Guardian tradition was the creation of a system of coastal fortifications to repel sudden naval raids. Guardians envisioned the employment of the newest weaponry manned by a "small, elite corps of military specialists supported, if necessary, by masses of patriotic citizen-soldiers." Such a system, the Guardians contended, provided a cheap means of deterrence. One manifestation of the Guardian tradition today is what I have called "technophilia"—a conception of war that is linear, mechanistic, technocentric, and wholly disconnected from what our adversary may think, want, or do.

Linn calls those in the second martial tradition the Heroes. Heroes view war in its simplest terms as armed violence directed toward the subjugation of an adaptive adversary, an effort in which the human element—martial virtues such as military genius, experience, courage, morale, and discipline—is dominant. Heroes have stressed adaptability and innovation, disparaging those who (in Linn's words) "seek to impose predictability and order on a phenomenon [the Heroes] view as chaotic, violent, and emotional." The exemplar of the Hero is George S. Patton.

At its best, the Heroic tradition provides both an intellectual and a practical framework that contributes to success on the battlefield. But at its worst, writes Linn, the Heroic mindset can lead to "emotional posturing, to elitism or selfishness, to General Tommy Franks's grandiose proclamation, 'I'm a warfighter, not a manager.'" It can also lead to what Linn calls "muddy-boots fundamentalism" and an anti-intellectual reductionism that sees war as an end in itself rather than as a means to achieving a political goal.

Finally, there are the Managers, who view war as an organizational problem. The Managers argued that the American Civil War and the Wars of German Unification had transformed the nature of armed nation-state conflict into "modern warfare," requiring the creation of mass armies and the total mobilization of the nation's people and resources. The best of the Managers, e.g. Marshall and Eisenhower, were the architects of victory during the World Wars; but the Managers have been "indifferent to small outbreaks of violence, postconflict operations, and unconventional missions."

The Echo of Battle sheds much-needed light on current defense debates. Linn calls into question the traditional narrative that presents military thought as "a struggle between progressives and conservatives" in which "mavericks" and "reformers" take on the establishment and its conventional wisdom. Thus today's advocates of "transformation," like the "military reformers" of the 1980s, are recycling old arguments, often without really knowing it.

The Army's recovery from its post-Vietnam malaise has been a remarkable accomplishment, but Linn reminds us that this transformation has had problematic elements. For instance, when Saigon fell in 1975, the U.S. Army, badly hurt by the Vietnam War, concluded that it should avoid such "irregular" conflicts in the future. In the 1970s, the Army discarded its doctrine for small wars and counterinsurgency, choosing to focus on big wars, where its heart really lay. This decision seemed to be vindicated in 1991 with Desert Storm, when a revitalized U.S. military evicted Saddam's forces from Kuwait in short order.

In March 2003, history seemed to repeat itself as U.S. forces rushed from the Kuwaiti border to Baghdad in record time. But the situation changed as the enemy began adopting guerrilla tactics, leading Lt. Gen. William S. Wallace—the commander of the Army's main maneuver element in the drive to Baghdad—to remark: "The enemy we're fighting is a bit different from the one we war-gamed against." Subsequent events would illustrate the degree to which the Army's vision of future warfare had once again downgraded the importance of "irregular" tactics. But as Iraq and Afghanistan have illustrated, we don't always get to fight the war we prefer: The enemy always has a vote, and any approach to war that depends on his cooperation is doomed to failure.

As a military historian, Linn would seem to be predisposed to accept the premise that historical analysis can clarify contemporary military issues. But he shows that the military's use of history has all too often been rather the *abuse* of history, a matter of the selective use of historical examples—"cherry picking"—to buttress a particular conceptual framework. Rather than encouraging informed analysis and critical thinking, the military's use of history instead enforces complacency and a "comfortable view of war." As a result, the Army's three intellectual traditions have usually failed to prepare the service for the wars it would be called upon to fight.

Despite his criticism of the weakness of the Army's intellectual traditions, Linn appears hopeful about the future. He points to the efforts of Gen. David Petraeus to develop and apply counterinsurgency doctrine in Iraq. In one respect, it too is a manifestation of one of the schools—the frontier-imperial Heroic tradition that guided officers on the U.S.'s western frontier, during the Philippine Insurrection, and in "nation-building" in the Caribbean before World War II.

Linn suggests that recent changes in Army thinking avoid the conceptual "straitjackets" that have constrained how the service envisions war. But for what Linn calls the "GWOT[Global War on Terror]-inspired Heroic renaissance" to have a lasting impact, it must be accepted and assimilated by the Guardians and Managers. For a variety of reasons, this is not altogether certain. As always, he observes, whether military intellectuals can create a new Army way of war depends on what the intellectuals "choose to hear in the echo of battle." **NR**

■ FILM ■

The Aldous Factor

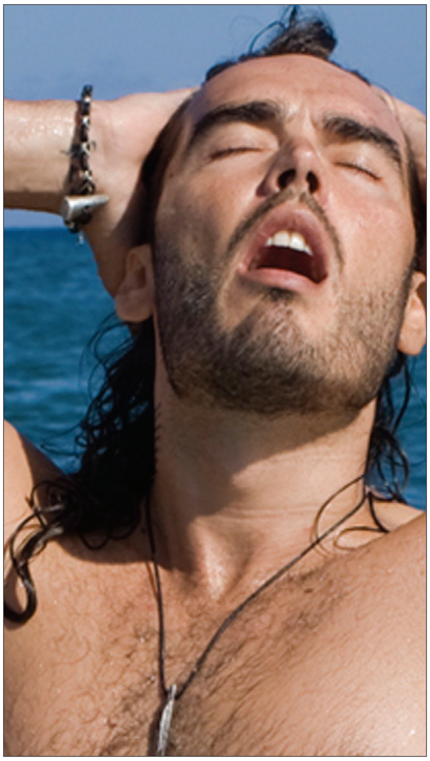
ROSS DOUTHAT

THERE'S only one reason to see *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, and his name is Aldous Snow. Or maybe I should say Russell Brand, since the line between the actor (Brand, that is) and the character he plays is not exactly clear. Snow, the lead singer of a band called Infant Sorrow, is the musician for whom the Sarah Marshall of the title dumps the movie's hero, and he's a vain and utterly hilarious popinjay—a long-haired, hip-waggling, eyeliner-sporting, dead-on parody of dozens of interchangeably self-absorbed pop stars.

The real-life Brand, meanwhile—a British celeb just beginning his inevitable invasion of our shores—is, well, a vain and hilarious popinjay, whose entire career looks like a long send-up of the famous-for-being-famous crowd. Floated on little more than charm, outrageous outfits, and a flair for deadpan one-liners, he's made his way as a radio and television host, a newspaper columnist (British papers are rather more fun than ours), a sketch comedian, and the author of a tell-all memoir about his various addictions (sex, drugs, etc.) titled *My Booky Wook*. His turn as Snow, then, isn't exactly a stretch, but it's a worthy addition to his résumé, and I would almost suggest buying a ticket to *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* just to see him perform Infant Sorrow's hit single "We've Got to Do Something," a glorious parody of the "We Are the World" school of politically engaged pop music.

Fortunately, though, you can probably find the video on YouTube and spare yourself the film, which is unworthy of both his gifts and your attention. *Marshall* is the latest production from the Judd Apatow comedy factory, which has turned out delights like *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and last year's *Superbad*, but which of late seems to be entering the period of rapid decline that all comedic posses eventually fall into. It's a sociological problem as much as an artistic one: When you hit it as big as Apatow has, the natural thing to do is help your friends and associates (and *their* friends and associates, and so on) hit it big as well. This means, at first, giving breaks to people who richly deserve them; then to people who sort of deserve them; and finally to people who don't really deserve them at all.

Thus the mediocrity of last Christmas's *Walk Hard* and the awfulness of March's *Drillbit Taylor*. Thus, too, *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, a forgettable (sorry, couldn't help it) serving of comedy written by and starring Jason Segel, and directed by Nicholas Stoller—neither of whom, unfortunately, is up to the task of carrying off even as lightweight a piece of cinema as this. Segel has done solid supporting work for the Apatow machine in the past—in last summer's *Knocked Up* and the short-lived TV shows *Freaks and Geeks* and *Undeclared*—but as a leading man he's charmless, flat in dramatic moments and overbroad in comic ones. And he's poorly served both by his own work as a writer (at least in the non–Aldous Snow portions of the script) and by Stoller's direction, which is by turns choppy and inert.



A vain and hilarious popinjay

RUSSELL BRAND AS ALDOUS SNOW/UNIVERSAL

The movie's story is a variation of a well-worn Apatowian theme, in which a man-child has to emerge from his cocoon and face the realities of grown-up life. In earlier, better films, these cocoons have ranged from the pre-sexual comforts of a high-school friendship (*Superbad*) to the coziness of slacker adultescence (*Knocked Up*) to the dubious security of perpetual celibacy (*The 40-Year-Old Virgin*). Here, it's the long-term relationship Segel's Peter Bretter enjoys with Sarah Marshall (Kristen Bell), who stars in the *CSI*-style television drama for which he works as a composer.

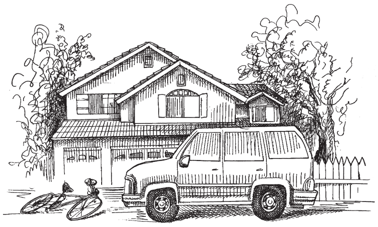
Their years together have turned Bretter into a professional wallflower and a cereal-munching shlub, but he thinks the relationship is the best thing that's ever happened to him, and when she dumps him he's devastated beyond all comprehension. (The dumping scene occurs just after he's emerged from the shower, and Segel plays the scene entirely—and I do mean entirely—in the nude, which is funny, though not quite as funny as the movie thinks it is.) Cue several months of drinking, debauchery, and depression, followed by an impulsive trip to a Hawaiian resort—the same resort where, inevitably, none other than Sarah Marshall is vacationing with her rocker beau.

It's a first-rate setup, but too much else is second-rate—not only Segel's performance and his script, but Bell's one-dimensional turn as his ex, Mila Kunis's effort as the hotel employee Bretter ends up falling for, and most of the performances around them. The female leads feel smaller-than-life, like TV stars elevated above their station, which is exactly what they are: Bell cut her teeth on *Veronica Mars* and Kunis on *That '70s Show*, and both seem best equipped for work that keeps them on a screen measured in inches rather than feet. The supporting cast includes a cameo by Paul Rudd, an Apatowian who deserves all the success that comes his way, which lends a touch of class to the proceedings. But everyone else is either mediocre (Jonah Hill as an obnoxious waiter, Bill Hader as Bretter's straitlaced sibling, several heavyset Hawaiians as, well, heavyset Hawaiian stock characters) or, in the case of the pair of sexually challenged Christian newlyweds whose struggles take up vastly too much screen time, unforgivably unfunny.

Only Aldous, hilarious Aldous, makes the movie more than a chore to sit through. See it for him, or don't see it at all. **NR**

■ THE STRAGGLER ■

Green the Tree of Life



JOHN DERBYSHIRE

IN the beginning there was a mid-20th-century nuclear family living in a small English town: Father, Mother, Sister, and Brother. Brother was the younger of the kids by two years. There was also a much older half-brother, issue of Father but not of Mother—a "bye-blow" in the frank dialect of the ancestral district; the result of a youthful mistake, said Father in later years. Half-Brother joined the army when Brother was three, and was seen only at long intervals thereafter.

In one of the earliest of those intervals Half-Brother married. He soon had two sons, the older named after Father. Brother was much amused to find himself an uncle, or half-uncle, at age nine. He picked up the word "avuncular" from one of Richmal Crompton's books, and studied to acquire the avuncular manner, with no perceptible success. Half-Brother disappeared back into overseas postings in an empire over which the sun had begun to set.

Years passed. Sister married and brought forth a daughter, whom she named after Mother. She then divorced, remarried, and gave birth to a son.

In time Brother himself married and established his own family, though in a distant country. His half-nephews had by this point acquired wives and children themselves: three girls, two boys. Now Sister's daughter wed, and added a girl and three more boys to the roster. Her own half-brother, Sister's son, had a son of his own out of wedlock. Following the example of his grandfather (and of at least one president of the United States), he took proper responsibility, helping to raise and support the child.

Father and Mother are no longer with us, but that original nucleus of four and a half has now expanded to encompass nearly 30 persons, if you include spouses and—how to avoid the wretched word?—"partners." There has been some geographical scattering, and some estrangement, but a solid half of us are included in the party here at a hotel in the English midlands to see Sister's boy, *my* sister's boy, wed at last. The bride is not his child's mother, although relations there are cordial. A correct delicacy kept her from attending this ceremony, but the little lad himself is among us, a serious-looking four-year-old in a smart suit and tie.

The local registrar marries the couple in a large, softly lit room, hung all about with drapes, rows of chairs set out facing her desk and a small lectern. Some gently hortatory speeches are made. Vows are exchanged. Rings are given and placed. Everything is secular, there being little religion in this family, as there is very little in England anymore, outside the gaudy mosques that disfigure old industrial cities. I nurse a fondness for the traditional style of English hypocrisy, according to which religious indifference was no bar to one's having a church wedding, unless the vicar was of the annoyingly pious type; and so I nurse a corresponding slight resentment at not having the opportunity to sing one of the dear old hymns. The world today has a different logic, though, perhaps a better one, and I am only a straggler. Let the youngsters do things in their own way.

After the ceremony we gather for dinner. The thing that we came for having been accomplished, everyone relaxes. The hotel wedding package includes rooms for many family members, so that designated drivers are few. Alcohol warms and softens everything. The deep native sentimentality of the English emerges, giving the dinner speeches a maudlin sheen. Declarations of adult affection flow freely, with many regrets at having for so long neglected to visit, write, phone, e-mail. The little ones, now relieving their boredom by playing raucous, high-velocity tag around the dining hall, are cooed over, when they can be caught and held for long enough. There is a round of applause for the uncle who has traveled all the way from New York to attend.

The emotions generated by an event like this have a fundamental, irreducible quality to them. What do we live for, but to witness and participate in all this joyful uniting and proliferating? What can compare with family as a source of satisfaction, personal or vicarious? Where do so many people meet in mutual affection and interest, with so many shared memories, but at a family event?

Second thoughts intrude. Mr. Fukuyama is surely right to tell us that where the "radius of trust" extends no farther than the family, a society is crippled. Family is the Mob; family is the Borgias; *Family* is the title of Ba Jin's 1931 novel exposing the suffocating autocracy of the traditional Chinese multigenerational household; family is every Third World despot looting his nation's public fisc—and not infrequently ours, too—to support battalions of relatives. In our civilization, the Anglo-Saxon civilization, we care for our families, *but not too much*. This works well, much better than any other arrangement, for both the individual and the larger society.

I am staying with my half-brother in a distant town, so we take our leave early to drive back: he, his older son named for my father, and I. I take a last fond look at the bride and groom, flushed now with dinner wine, celebrity, and happiness. May their happiness endure! I can't sincerely call on God to bless them, having lost my faith—having in fact lost what interest I ever had in abstractions and grand systems intellectual, political, or spiritual. Theory is gray, says Goethe's Mephistopheles, but green is the tree of life. So it is, so indeed it is; and *here* it is, the tree of life, thriving and branching, multiplying and spreading, laughing and celebrating and gushing and playing tag—*re nao*, as the Chinese say in happy approbation of gatherings like this one: "hot and noisy."

Congratulations, Marcus and Nicola. Care for each other; help each other; speak the truth to each other. This world's a darkling plain, no doubt; but if you stick close together and share the burdens, chances are you'll make it to the other side, and be privileged to watch as seeds planted in bare earth grow into gardens of joy, as playmates become parents and uncles and great-uncles, as four and a half becomes 30. Green, green is the everlasting tree of life. **NR**

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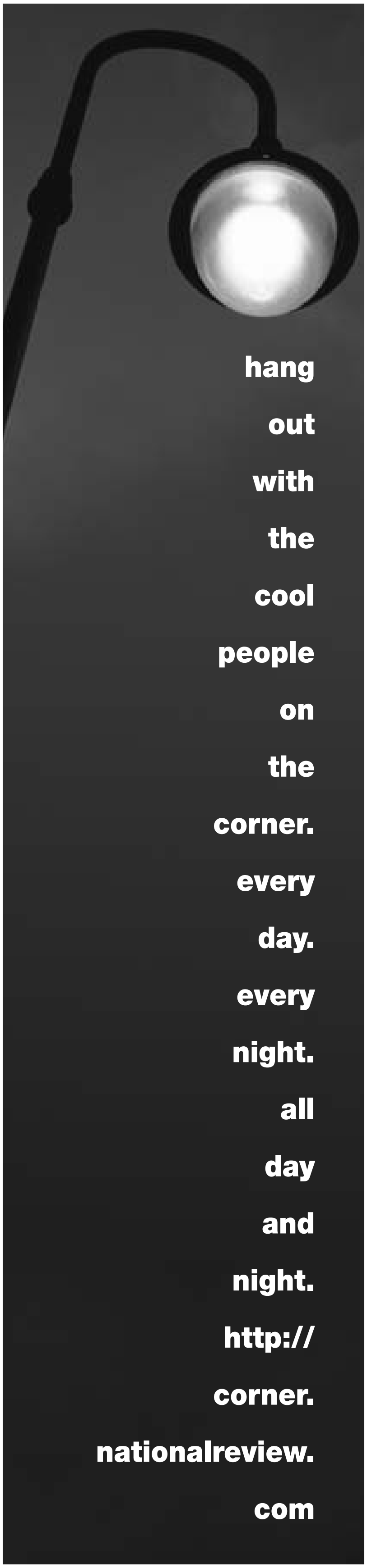


happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Defender of Man

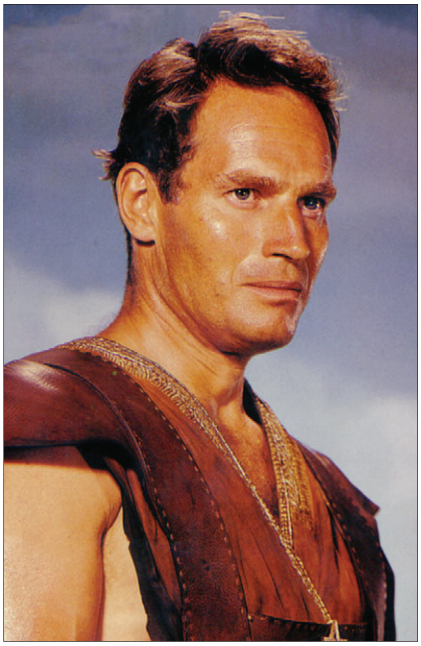
If you want the short version of where Hollywood went wrong, consider a famous Charlton Heston line and its reprise a third of a century later. "Take your stinkin' paws off me, you damn dirty ape!" snarls astronaut George Taylor in Franklin J. Schaffner's original *Planet of the Apes*. In Tim Burton's 2001 remake, the line goes to one of the simians: "Get your stinkin' hands off me, you damn dirty human!"

In 1968 the "damn dirty" business was primal, the moment when Heston's character announces to the audience he's mad as hell and he's not gonna take it any more. The simian echo 33 years later is an amusing jest in a film that wears its irony like a mask, as if terrified that anything real or visceral might poke through. Instead of Heston, the shipwrecked astronaut is Mark Wahlberg, who wanders through the movie with Candide-like passivity.

Make all the snooty critic's jokes you want about Chuck's two facial expressions—clenched and unclenched—but he enlarged the role. In that terrific final image, when he drops to the sand before the shattered Statue of Liberty and wails in realization of what's happened and where he is, you appreciate his iconic indispensability. He was, as otherwise unsympathetic reviewers would concede, a long, lean, slim-hipped action hero with beautiful aquiline cheekbones, the American eagle in the gallery of national archetypes. But in *Planet of the Apes*, running around in his loincloth, he conjured Commander Taylor as Adam—the last man on earth played as the first man on earth.

In the remake, he popped up in a cameo as an elderly ape, warning of the dangers of man's deadliest invention: the gun. Ha ha. More Tim Burton drollery. As the real Heston might have put in: Guns don't destroy civilizations; people destroy civilizations. One notes that, for all the apocalyptic nightmares over ever-deadlier technology, the great slaughters of our age—Bosnia, Rwanda, Congo, Darfur—have all been low-tech affairs. Yet no one ever proposes "machete control."

Heston was ahead of his time in championing civil rights, and well behind it when he accepted the presidency of the National Rifle Association. In the era of the Brady Bill and the "assault weapons" ban, there was surely no more unfashionable cause than the Second Amendment. But Heston believed in the virtues of the self-reliant citizen, as almost every creative artist does—in his art. Those virtues are needed to drive the narrative of almost every functioning plot in the canon. Yet almost every creative artist disavows them when it comes to public policy, supporting big government and bureaucracy and useless gestures. Heston's penultimate screen appearance was in Michael Moore's *Bowling for Columbine*, with the Oscar-winning crockumentary-maker peddling his usual piffle: Canadians reject America's paranoid "culture of fear"; they leave their doors unlocked; they don't murder each other.



The aquiline archetype

MGM

Actually, it's illegal to leave your car unlocked in the Province of Quebec, and as for your house, there are far more so-called "home invasions" than in America. Canadians have fewer handguns than Americans, but murder with long guns at a slightly higher rate—1.7 homicides per 100,000 Yank long guns; 1.9 per 100,000 Canuck long guns. Factor out the hugely disproportionate percentage of American murders committed by blacks, and progressive peace-loving Canadians kill at about the same rate as violent knuckle-dragging Americans.

You'd have to be a brave man to go near the implications of that last factoid, and Michael Moore is no hero—a chocolate soldier heavier on the chocolate than the soldiering. So he ended his film by doorstepping Charlton Heston, and, polite as ever, Chuck invited him in for coffee only to have the corpulent provocateur start hectoring him to apologize for appearing at an NRA event held in Flint, Mich., a few days after young Kayla Rolland had been shot at school by a fellow six-year-old.

Here's what Moore, touting his picture of poor dead Kayla as a badge of his compassion and leaving it on the gate of Heston's house, didn't tell you: The boy who killed her had been dumped by his drug-addict mom and had moved into his drug-dealing uncle's crack house, where the young lad had no bed of his own and so curled up on a pile of blankets under which he happened to find a stolen gun. The uncle was wanted for theft: No cops troubled him. The crack house rang with gunfire at night: Nobody bothered to investigate. The kid's dad was already in jail. A few weeks after the murder, his aunt and grandma were arrested for selling narcotics. Kayla Rolland's murder had nothing to do with a "culture of fear" or gun control or Charlton Heston or any of Moore's other preoccupations.

But the film's argument makes a lot of sense if you think every child has the right to grow up in a gun-free crack house.

In their bizarre screen encounter, these two men embodied the unequal contest between old Hollywood and new: Moore represented the poseur compassion of the Left, Heston the defense of uncomfortable truths. Nevertheless, by the time he stepped down from the NRA, no politician in a competitive district wanted to run on "gun control." It was Charlton Heston's last great role, and, unlike *Planet of the Apes*, this time liberty survived. **NR**

a) oil

b) natural gas

c) wind

d) solar

e) biofuels

✓f) all of the above

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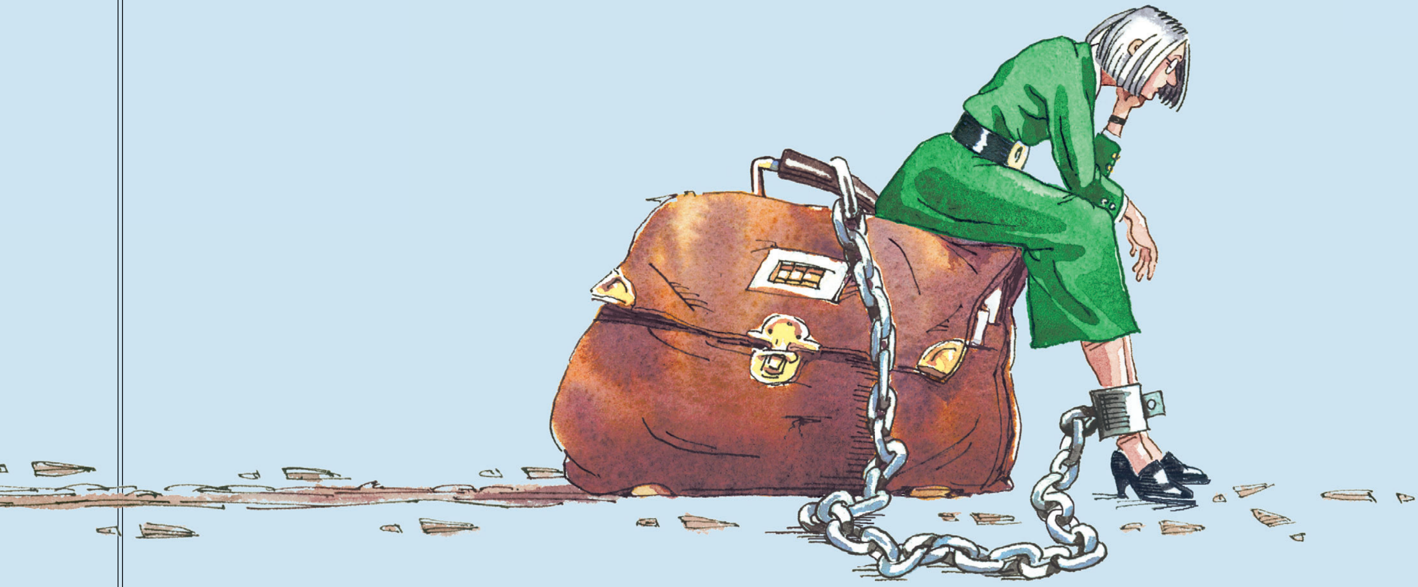
“A woman’s work is never done.”

THAT’S WHAT MANY WOMEN FIND OUT WHEN THEY WANT TO RETIRE.



The number of women over 65 who are still working has increased by more than a third in the past ten years. Why are retirement-age women increasingly chained to their jobs?

Well, women live longer than men, so their retirement savings have to stretch farther. Women earn less – 77¢ for every dollar a man earns – so they save less. And they work fewer years – the average woman spends 11 years out of the workforce caring for children or elderly parents.

How can we help women find a way to retire when they want to? **Allstate has some thoughts:**

1. MAKE EVERY EARNING YEAR COUNT.
Right now, only 47% of working women participate in a company retirement plan. American businesses can do much more to help that number grow. 401(k) programs – such as company matches and automatic enrollment – as well as encouraging participation by part-time workers, are all proven ways to help build savings.

2. EDUCATE WITH FINANCIAL SEMINARS.
Knowledge is power: 53% of women who have a retirement plan said they would increase their annual contributions after they attended a financial education seminar at work.

3. PROMOTE SPOUSAL IRAs.
Non-working women can invest up to $5,000 per year to grow tax-deferred in a Spousal IRA, as long as there is a spouse in the workforce.

These ideas can help women work longer, not because they have to, but because they want to. **You can learn more about this issue and join in the debate at www.WSJ.RetirementDebate.com.**

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